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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: ASSOCIATE



DR. BLACK AND THE AQUEDUCT

SEVERAL weeks ago, in these columns, we referred to the caution uttered last summer by Dr. Stanley Black, health officer of Pasadena, through the local papers of the Crown City, in regard to the Owens river water. The purport of his admonition, made after his return from a personal inspection of the aqueduct, was that the river water was disease-laden and that it was advisable to refrain from drinking it. In view of his high standing in his profession we asked why he was not subpoenaed as a witness for the plaintiffs in the Owens river purity case. Since that editorial query appeared Dr. Black has been called as a witness for the defense and, to quote the Los Angeles Times of March 1: "has described his thorough inspection of the catchment area of the aqueduct and conditions affecting the water, and has testified unequivocally and positively that the water stored in Haiwee reservoir and supplied to Los Angeles through the aqueduct is 'potable, free from disease germs, safe and fit for human use and consumption.'"

It is true, as the Times states, that we paid high tribute to Dr. Black's skill and unimpeachable integrity at the time mentioned. Our esteemed contemporary closes its complimentary reference to the editor of The Graphic—for it is always a compliment to be disparaged by the Times—by expressing doubt as to our printing Dr. Black's about-face testimony. To the contrary, we have not the slightest objections to re-printing what the Times says he said, although we do so with regret since in the Pasadena News of June 3, 1914—a paper published by Mr. F. C. Roberts, late candidate for congress from the ninth district and strongly supported by the Times—appeared the following interview, printed a day or so after Dr. Black's return from Inyo county:

"Unless some drastic step is taken, Los Angeles will face an epidemic of typhoid," declared Dr. Black today. "I was surprised at the sanitary condition, or rather the lack of sanitary conditions. The town of Bishop, a place of 1200 inhabitants, takes care of its sewage in a septic tank. Other places are also careless with the disposal of sewage. The rains must certainly carry it down the valley into the aqueduct. J. R. Giddings of 1318 East Colorado street was right when he said the people in the Owens river valley would not drink the water. I don't blame them, I wouldn't either. It is dirty and too thick for drinking purposes. If a large purification plant was installed I believe it would be the proper course to pursue."

But that was not all. The article in the Pasadena News continued: "According to Dr. Black,

the health officer of Los Angeles is to go before the Los Angeles water board and explain the situation. He declares that Dr. Powers realizes that the situation is serious and that steps will have to be taken at once to combat the danger of an epidemic. Dr. Black obtained samples of the Owens river water from various points on the aqueduct line as far as Mammoth. These are being tested by the city chemist of Los Angeles, and his report will supplement that of Dr. Powers and be presented to the city water commission of Los Angeles." As Dr. Black accompanied Dr. Powers, the deduction is obvious. We do not recall seeing Dr. Powers' report in print.

With its accustomed fairness, doubtless, the Times will readily acquit us of sinister design in having quoted from the Pasadena daily the purport of the interview with Dr. Black. It was his unequivocal statement, following hard upon the analysis presented by Dr. Ethel Leonard, that caused us to question the potability of the Owens river water. It is true, we have always held that the aqueduct system, to be perfect, must avoid all chance of gathering impurities, all alkalies, by continuing the covered conduit sixty miles north to the head of the river, acquire the entire Long Valley reservoir site owned by Mr. Fred Eaton, and buy out prior rights to the side-streams, so as to get the full flow for power purposes. Of course, the more economical plan—for the taxpayers, as we have consistently maintained—would have been the impounding of the waste waters of the San Gabriel and Big and Little Tejungas at a cost of, say, ten million dollars, as against the forty-two millions thus far voted, with at least twenty-five millions more needed to complete the system. But that way would have been unprofitable to the San Fernando land speculators, chief of whom were the owners of the Times and the Express and Tribune, whose unselfish devotion to the aqueduct cause is, perhaps, apparent.

MAYORALTY ISSUE THAT IS DOMINANT

LET those citizens at all interested in the dissemination of the square deal in the jitney bus controversy profoundly hope that the chief of the Whiffenpoofers in the city council will stick to his first-expressed resolution of becoming a candidate for mayor. He may be entirely honest with himself in the attitude he has taken in regard to the autobus as a common carrier, but that he represents the majority thought in this community we greatly doubt. His notion seems to be the strictest regulation for the railway systems operating under a franchise and paying a percentage of gross earnings to the city—wholly aside from taxes and special street assessments—but a go-as-you-please blanket license for the jitney bus men with a minimum of regulation for them and a paucity of protection for the citizens. It is a curious point of view, to say the least.

We should like to see opposing President Whiffen of the city council, or one of his manner of thinking, a candidate who comes squarely out for the nomination on a platform of a fair deal to the street railway companies, whose good services here, to say nothing of their heavy investments, entitle them to decent consideration by the municipality. We violate no ethics in declaring that the city council, thus far, has given the jitney bus driver, with no investment of any moment, and, in instances, without citizen papers, by far the preference in the question now at issue, and epitomized in an ordinance which the mayor has

disapproved in a vigorous and logical message. In catering to what may be termed the proletariat, doubtless, that portion of the city council looking for re-election believes it is "good politics" to favor the individual driver at the expense of the corporations, but when, in doing so, the public welfare is found to be seriously menaced, such invidious conduct may prove embarrassing.

We believe it will. We believe the council has demonstrated by its action that it is thinking more of the vote-catching of the populace—the unthinking masses—than it is of the duty owed to the community and to the capital now invested in street car equipment. We believe the issue should be squarely drawn in the coming municipal election and that a candidate whose platform will recognize the obligations resting on the city to treat the street railways fairly, by advocating the regulation of the jitney bus traffic in a way that will protect the public, can be elected. There should be no question about the interdiction of riding on the running boards; the indemnity bond in case of accident to life and limb should be at least ten thousand dollars; Broadway and Spring streets between First and Tenth should be barred to the jitneys and no license should be issued until the applicant has passed a rigid examination as to fitness. With these features embodied, together with a regular route stipulated and a five-cent fare made imperative competition would be on a fair basis. There is room for the jitney bus in limited numbers as a supplementary conveyance to care for interurban transportation, but in presenting the ordinance that the council has proposed, the community is insulted, the rights of the public ignored and gross injustice dealt to the street car companies. Let the issue be made on this line without equivocation or variance.

PATRONAGE DISTRIBUTORS JOLTED

AGAIN has the President demonstrated that utter disregard of nominations to office of candidates having the united support of their local party delegation in congress. Repeatedly, the executive has ignored recommendations of this nature and the selection of Mr. Oscar A. Trippet of Los Angeles, to succeed Judge Olin Wellborn, as United States district judge in this district, is further evidence of his disinclination to conform to the usual method of distributing federal patronage. In this instance, at least, he has made an excellent selection. Judge Trippet enjoys high standing at the Los Angeles bar and his ability as a lawyer is unquestioned. Still in the fifties he brings to the bench a ripe judgment and an experience of thirty-six years duration together with an unblemished record as a Democrat. The joint recommendations of Senator-elect Phelan, Representatives Kettner, Church, Baker, et al, appear to have had no weight with the President since his choice was endorsed by Senator Works alone, of the opposite political faith.

There will be little sympathy with partisans like Representative John J. Fitzgerald of Tammany hall affiliation who, it is announced, will lead in the next house seventeen New York congressmen who owe their election to Tammany. Because of the President's persistence in ignoring Tammany hall men recommendations in distributing federal patronage, Fitzgerald purposes opposing the presidential policies in an effort to bring Mr. Wilson to terms, his supporting phalanx constituting the balance of power in the next house. Fitzgerald resents certain selections for office because the Democratic representatives in

the several districts concerned have had no voice in the matter. The President retorts that just so long as candidates bear the Tammany endorsement they will be persona non grata and so a bitter warfare is precipitated which may result in the defeat of important administration measures through the coalition of Tammany hall representatives with the Republicans. It is a disturbing thought that a President can be so hampered in his great work by a handful of congressmen whose adherence to the dictates of a grafting organization takes precedence of their loyalty to their party leader and their country.

According to Washington dispatches the California Democrats in congress have expressed themselves bitterly against the White House methods of making selections. What have they done to aid the President? In the big fight to defeat the attempt of the shipping trust to gain free access to the Panama canal it was little support they gave him. Kettner did not deserve the concession accorded him to name one of his constituents to the new federal judgeship in this district, but his plea that it was needed to insure his return to Washington was given full credence. Doubtless, it changed five votes, not more. As for the choice of the local Democrats as successor to Judge Wellborn it did not strikingly demonstrate their good judgment. In ignoring them and naming the able lawyer whose name will go to the senate for confirmation, President Wilson has shown admirable circumspection.

SPRING ACTIVITIES IN THE WAR ZONE

ENGLAND'S first lord of the admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, is rather scornful of the threat of the Germans to establish a new "war zone," which he characterizes as a paper blockade only. However, it is not unlikely that, at intervals, a German submarine will be able to elude observation or pursuit and send a merchantman to the bottom; that similar summary treatment will be accorded neutral vessels, particularly American ships, is hardly conceivable. President Wilson's explicit and resolute note to Germany notifying that government that it will be held to "a strict accountability" for any such proposed violation of international law and the rights of neutrals appears to have had a steadying effect upon the Kaiser's counsellors whose language is sensibly improving in tone since as a consequence. It does not seem possible that the German war bureau will uphold the German admiralty in such supreme folly; at any rate, its submarines have not yet taken the irretrievable step and the reply to the American note indicates no prospect of "ramming first and investigating later."

Apparently, disdainful of the threatened descent on their coast, a goodly part of the English navy, in conjunction with the French, is making herculean efforts to force the Dardanelles and open the Bosphorus to the Russian fleets, which, escaping from Black Sea imprisonment, would be able to let loose 150,000,000 bushels of wheat to relieve a tightened grain market. If it is true that the Turkish forts at the entrance to the Sea of Marmora are silenced, with the interior ones fast following suit, it is the beginning of the end to Turkish domination in the far east. Russia has immense surplus supplies awaiting opportunity to get out of the country once the Bosphorus is opened to navigation and it is significant that purchasing agents of the British government, now in this country, have been notified to make no further contracts for the present. Horses are still a much-needed commodity, however, both England and France having buyers in the field picking up desirable animals. With the prospect of the emergence of Russia's surplus wheat and the likelihood of Turkey's speedy retirement as a war factor, the price of grain in this country has suffered a sharp drop, which not even a brisk demand at the seaboard has stiffened. In addition

to the effective naval attacks on the Turkish forts, it is reported that Russia has assumed an aggressive attitude along the entire eastern front and by means of large reinforcements is slowly pushing the Germans back to the East Prussian border.

Lord Kitchener appears to be about ready to transfer thousands of fresh fighting men to the seat of war in the west, to counteract which movement Germany, apparently, is preparing to send in additional troops, since the Belgians in the various towns have been notified that a large number of German soldiers will be billeted upon them. It begins to look as if the spring campaign would be lively, with the allies doggedly determined to contest for every foot of territory now held by the Germans. Both on sea and land important movements are imminent. The statement of Lloyd George in the house of commons recently that "other states are preparing for war" is believed to apply to Italy, Greece and Roumania. The fact that the Austrian navy is watching the Italian fleet with a grim attention that nothing can divert is significant. When Germany urged Austria to send warships, especially submarines to the Aegean, to harass the Anglo-French fleet operating in the Dardanelles, the reply was that the Austrian navy was needed in the Adriatic since the Italian fleet is concentrated there. This month is likely to be full of surprises in the war's development.

INDOMITABLE SARAH BERNHARDT

VYING in interest with the war news have been the cabled accounts of the manner in which the indomitable and indefatigable Madame Sarah Bernhardt, with wonderful fortitude, submitted to a capital operation whereby she was relieved of a diseased leg the pain from which had threatened to put an end to her histrionic activities. Additional interest in her condition hereabouts is due to the fact that it was in a journey from the beach to Los Angeles to fill an Orpheum engagement, that the celebrated artist met with an accident that produced internal injuries, finally necessitating amputation of the painful member. It will be recalled that her automobile, rendered hors de combat by the collision, was abandoned for the heavy truck which proved to have the greater powers of resistance, and in order to be at the theater on time, this extraordinary woman, ignoring her disabilities and regardless of pain, thus rode into the city. Think of a woman of seventy—she was born in 1845—deliberately submitting to the knife so that she might, by means of an artificial leg, be enabled to return to the stage she has so long adorned.

Before undergoing the tragic operation which it is hoped will relieve her from continued pain and restore her to comparative health, it is stated that the "Divine Sarah" gave her consent to the mutilation because she could not bear to remain idle. "Work is my life," she is quoted as saying. "As soon as I can be fitted with an artificial leg I shall resume the stage, and all my good spirits will be restored. I hope again to be able to use all that force of art which now upholds me and which will sustain me until beyond the grave." Commenting on this brave little speech a writer in the New York Telegraph declares the words are not the outcome of any pose. "They are no fanfarronade," he observes, "and for once the word 'art' is not used as a mask or a coat. As for work, it was always the bread and wine of her life."

All who have come in contact with Mme. Bernhardt's genius, either on or off the stage—and it is reflected in her conversation quite as surely as in her art—will be inclined to agree with Mr. St. John Brenon, who writes so appreciatively of the extraordinary Frenchwoman, that Sarah Bernhardt possesses an enthusiasm for her work in no sense affected and which has

enabled her to put forth nervous energy little less than marvelous in a woman of her age who has never spared herself. "But," as is admitted by her New York comentator, "she is not a woman but a miracle." He continues, "The hour after the theater was the hour for her friends, the hour in which she discussed in that ripe, flashing, decisive, yet winsome way of hers, an inconceivable number and variety of topics. The storehouse of her brain, the sparkle of eloquence, seemed inexhaustible. It was always said that she had a voice of silver. She also had an understanding of gold. She spoke, and one longed to be a stenographer, a verbatim Boswell." There is only one Sarah Bernhardt as there was only one Ninon L'Enclos to charm and entertain three generations.

WATSON'S TRIBUTE TO HOOD

MUCH that William Watson, the English poet, has written does not deserve to live in literature, but he has, nevertheless, the true poetic gift and in elegy, lyric and ode has demonstrated his possession of the divine afflatus. In the London Nation of recent date appeared a tribute from his pen to Thomas Hood that fairly represents the unevenness of his work. From the commonplace and unpoetic he can and does rise to inspirational heights as witness the following: No courtier this, and nought to courts he owed. Fawned not on thrones, hymned not the great and callous,

Yet, in one strain, that few remember, showed
He had the password to King Oberon's palace.

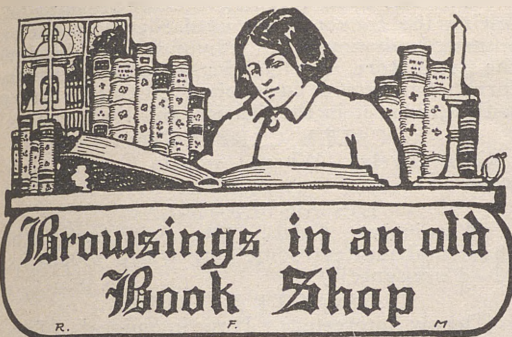
And seeing a London seamstress's grey fate,
He of a human heartstring made a thread,
And stitched him such a royal robe of state
That Eastern Kings are poorer habited.

He saw wan woman toil with famished eyes;
He saw her bound, and strove to sing her free.
He saw her fall'n; and wrote "The Bridge of Sighs;"
And on it crossed to immortality.

In the opening stanza the rhythmic quality is present, but no poetic imagery is discerned. In the second verse his muse takes an appreciable forward step although "Seeing a London seamstress's gray fate" is an unpoetic line and "poorlier habited" is a strained phrase not even permissible in a licensed poet. But what precedes is atoned for by the concluding stanza in which the reference to Tom Hood's enduring poem "The Bridge of Sighs" is feelingly and gracefully made. Why he should elide the "e" in fallen, however, is not apparent. It is an unnecessary clipping that gives the line a ragged appearance. But lovers of Tom Hood—and who can count them?—will be glad that Mr. Watson has recalled the rare genius of the poet whose "Song of the Shirt," "Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram" and that exquisite little gem beginning "I remember, I remember, the house where I was born," have endeared him to English-speaking peoples for all time. In his humorous verse are pathos and tragic power as well as poetry. As a prolific and successful punster he has never been equaled, for his wit elevated whatever object it touched. Poor, sickly, struggling poet. He had to write for his daily bread and in order to market his product was compelled to forego the flights of his higher muse.

But what shall be said of the London Nation, that arbiter of literary thought and style in the British capital, in prefixing to the title "Hood"—"Born January 1835." The Tom Hood of William Watson's muse was born May 23, 1799 and died May 3, 1845. By a curious literary lapse the Nation has given the birth year of his son Thomas Hood, Jr., instead of that of the much more illustrious father. We cannot believe that Mr. Watson was particeps criminis in this anachronism; rather are we inclined to think that a sub-editor slipped in the line after a hasty glance at a literary dictionary. Tom Hood was

the son of a publisher and was born to the pen. William Watson was the son of a farmer, who later became a merchant in Liverpool. Watson's poetry is pleasing and original, but not to be compared with the finer poetic work of Hood's, although, alas, it is as a humorous poet that the latter is generally regarded.



THAN William Hemsley Emory of the United States topographical corps of engineers, whose notes on a military reconnoissance of the route from Ft. Leavenworth to San Diego in 1846-7 are of particular interest to Los Angeles, because of Lieut. Emory's connection with Gen. Kearny's "Army of the West," a more conscientious historian is rarely encountered. His report was printed by the government in 1848 and a copy that had long rested in the Old Book Shop has been transferred to my shelves. There are many valuable plates in the work, reproduced from Lieut. Emory's original drawings, among them his sketches of the actions fought at San Pasqual, December 6 and 7 1846, and of the passage of the San Gabriel river by the Stockton-Kearny forces January 8-9, 1847, at which time General Flores' men, after vainly endeavoring to charge the Americans on the mesa, between the San Gabriel and San Fernando, fell back on the pueblo of the City of the Angels. Camping in the San Fernando valley for the night the invaders were visited next morning, January 10, by three neutrals, bearing a flag of truce, who proposed, on behalf of the Californians, to surrender the city, provided the Americans respected property and persons. In his "History of Los Angeles," the late Charles D. Willard tells that "a small delegation of citizens waited on Stockton, who was in command," but Lieut. Emory states specifically that the peace emissaries were Mr. Calis, a Castilian, Mr. Workman, an Englishman, and Alvarado, the owner of the rancheria at the Alisos. Mr. Workman was called by the natives Senor Julian, but his Christian name was William; he had arrived in Los Angeles in 1841, coming in with John Rowland, who settled at Puente. Mr. Willard seems to have been under the impression that William Workman and "Julian" Workman were two different individuals; the confusion, doubtless, arose from the fact that the Spanish contingent not being able to pronounce William compromised on "Oulian" or Julian. Poor Senor Julian came to a tragic end in 1871.

It is interesting to follow Emory's footsteps westward. He was ordered to report and get under way in twenty-four hours so that his equipment was necessarily limited, but he was too good a soldier to utter complaint; although serving as a field and topographical engineer, he was not to consider these in the light of exclusive duties, but was to perform any military task assigned to him by Colonel Kearny, in accordance with his rank. This explains why, in the San Pasqual fight and passage of the San Gabriel, a month later, Lieut. Emory was an active participant. But I must not anticipate the regular order. The military force under Colonel Kearny, destined for the conquest of New Mexico and the coast, consisted of two batteries of artillery—six-pounders—under the command of Major Clark, three squadrons of the First Dragoons, under Major Sumner, the first regiment of Missouri Cavalry, under Colonel Doniphan, and two companies of infantry under Captain Agney. This force was detached in different columns from Fort Leavenworth and was concentrated August 1, 1846, at a camp nine miles below Bent's Fort, near the junction of the Pawnee fork and the Arkansas river. Crossing the Raton, the party followed along the western side of the Canadian river. At the camp on the Vermejo an American citizen, escaped from Taos, New Mexico, brought word that Gov. Armijo had placed the country under martial law and called upon all citizens

capable of bearing arms; that the Mexicans were anxious to fight, but the Pueblo Indians were indifferent. The governor's proclamation called for loyal citizens to repel the "Americans who were coming to invade their soil and destroy their property and liberties." Numerous spies were taken prisoners on the march westward. American settlers of the Daniel Boone type, were encountered at intervals. One such was the owner of a large number of horses and cattle, which, Emory tells, he managed to keep "in defiance of wolves, Indians and Mexicans." This pioneer, named Boney, is described as "a perfect specimen of a generous, open-hearted adventurer." He presented the army with a number of his largest and fattest cattle. Another picturesque westerner named Wells, hailing from North Carolina, had his ranch at about the junction of the Moro and the Sapillo. He had only preceded the army by six months and, barring his broad-brimmed sombrero, might have been taken for a sergeant of dragoons, with his blue pantaloons decorated with broad, gold-colored stripes, and his jacket trimmed with lace. Emory bought butter from him at "four-bits-the pound."

It was at a spot sixteen miles from Santa Fe, August 15, 1846, that Major Swords of the quartermaster's department joined the Army of the West, coming from Ft. Leavenworth, and bringing Colonel Kearny's commission as brigadier-general. With him were Captain Weightman and Lieut. Gilmer of the engineers; all three had ridden sixty miles to participate in the battle that was rumored imminent. But the promised opposition to the march was not revealed, to the great disappointment of the bold dragoons. Perhaps, the speech made by General Kearny in the valley of the Vegas, to the alcalde of a village, had produced a quieting impression. In a few words he explained that the United States was taking over the country for its benefit, not its injury. In extending its laws the United States would protect the people from Indian raids, which the Mexican government had never done, also protect them in their religion; no property was to be destroyed and nobody hurt—save those who refused to take the oath of allegiance. This form was repeated in every village visited, whereupon the alcalde took the oath of office and the people proved tractable. More rumors of a stand by Armijo followed, and at a pass of the canyon, near Santa Fe a big battle was promised. Says Emory: "As we approached the ancient town of Pecos, a large fat fellow, mounted on a mule, came toward us at full speed, and extending his hand to the general, congratulated him on the arrival of himself and army. He said, with a roar of laughter, 'Armijo and his troops have gone to hell, and the canyon is all clear.' It was the alcalde of the settlement, two miles up the Pecos from the ruins, where Kearny went into camp. With no foe between them and the capital, twenty-nine miles away, a forced march was determined upon and at 6 o'clock of August 18, as the sun was setting, the United States flag was hoisted over the palace, and a salute of thirteen guns fired from the artillery planted on the eminence overlooking the town. Thus was New Mexico made United States territory.

It was in the vicinity of Socorro that Kit Carson, riding across the plains from the coast, came into camp with news that California had surrendered without a blow and that the American flag floated in every port. This intelligence caused General Kearny to diminish his fighting forces by detaching Major Sumner, with the dragoons, who were ordered back to Santa Fe. The parting was, for many, an eternal one, since California, New Mexico and Cerro Gordo were to be the places of interment for scores of the soldiers, officers and men. Near a junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, Lieut. Emory intercepted a courier from California, a Mexican, whom he took to the general's tent. On being searched he was found to be the bearer of political letters to men of note in Sonora, which showed that a counter revolution had taken place in California, that the Americans had been expelled from Santa Barbara, the City of Angels, and other places and that Captain Flores was named as the general and governor. It began to be evident that a grave error had been made in reducing the force. Warner's Ranch, in the beautiful valley of the Agua Caliente, was the first place in California the command reached. A young rancher, named Marshall, from New Hampshire, who was in charge—Warner being a prisoner to the Americans in San Diego—informed the general that the whole of the country, except San Diego, San Francisco and Monterey, was held by the Mexicans and that the Pueblo of Los Angeles was in the heart of the disaffected region.

It was at daybreak of December 6, 1846, that the enemy was encountered. Emory rode with Kearny who was in advance, save for a guard of

twelve men under Captain Johnston. Says Emory: "The general ordered a trot, then a charge, and soon we found ourselves engaged in a hand to hand conflict with a largely superior force. . . . As day dawned, the smoke cleared away, and we began collecting our dead and wounded. We found eighteen of our officers and men killed on the field and thirteen wounded." Among the killed were Captains Moors and Johnston and Lieut. Hammond of the First Dragoons. General Kearny, Captain Gillespie, Captain Gibson, Lieut. Warner and the interpreter, Don Antonio Robideaux, were badly wounded. It is notable that Captain Johnston and one dragoon were the only Americans either killed or wounded by fire-arms—all the other casualties were from lance thrusts. The general's wounds were serious, San Diego was forty miles distant; the outlook was not a cheerful one. "December 7 dawned on the most battered and illfed detachment of men that ever the United States mustered under her colors." Arranging the wounded and the packs in the center the party began to march toward San Diego. When within twenty-nine miles of the port Andres Pico, commander of the Mexican forces, sent in a flag of truce for an exchange of prisoners. Emory was deputed to meet Pico whom he found to be a "gentlemanly-looking and rather handsome man." That night Lieut. Beale, Kit Carson and an Indian volunteered to go to San Diego for relief, an expedition not without peril, since the enemy occupied all the passes to the town. Next night the camp was attacked, but the enemy was driven off without incurring further loss. At break of day a detachment of one hundred sailors and eighty marines under Lieut. Gray, sent by Commodore Stockton arrived, the prompt response to the appeal made by Lieut. Beale and Carson who had managed to elude the Mexicans. This junction of forces was a complete surprise to the enemy which fled precipitately, leaving a bunch of cattle behind. At San Diego, Lieut. Emory's work as topographical engineer ended as he was appointed acting adjutant general of the forces.

With a force of 479 men, including dragoons, artillerymen, sailors and marines acting as infantry and volunteers, the expedition for the subjugation of the Southern California insurgents, marched out of San Diego December 29. It covered only thirty miles in three days, due to the great precautions taken against a surprise. Passing the mission of San Luis Rey the route led to the ocean. After leaving Flores, a deserted mission, January 4, 1847, the advance guard met three persons bearing a flag of truce. Senor "Julian" Workman, Charles Flugge, both of Los Angeles, and a Mexican. They brought a letter from General Flores proposing a temporary cessation of hostilities, which was peremptorily declined. At San Juan Capistrano the party encamped, moving on next day to the Forster ranch where fresh horses were obtained and hospitable treatment was accorded the officers. Santa Ana was deserted. At about two in the afternoon of January 8 the San Gabriel river was sighted where squads of horsemen began to show themselves on either bank. As the Americans came up they were met by a scattering fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, but no damage was inflicted. The artillery was quickly unlimbered and the brisk firing soon drove the native Californians to cover. The Americans crossed under protection of the guns and rushed the hill, but the birds had flown, in the direction of Los Angeles, nine miles away.

Next day Flores attempted to rally his forces in a final repulse, but his efforts were fruitless and the enemy again retreated, this time for good. It was the day after that the peace envoys, Senor "Julian" Workman and Mr. Celis proposed the capitulation of the pueblo, on the terms previously stated. There was a show of opposition in the town, but quickly suppressed and the City of the Angels passed into possession of the United States, Flores, with 150 men having fled to Sonora. Adds Lieut. Emory: "It was thought desirable to establish a fort, which, in case of trouble, should enable a small garrison to hold out till aid might come from San Diego, San Francisco or Monterey, places which are destined to become centers of American settlement. . . . Thursday, January 14, we drank today the wine of the country, manufactured by Don Luis Vigne, a Frenchman. It was truly delicious, resembling more the best description of hock than any other wine." A week later Lieut. Emory returned to San Diego, whence he sailed January 25 for Lower California, to complete his survey work. There are botanical, meteorological and other observations contained in the appendix, but they have long lost their interest. I might add that Brigadier-General Emory commanded a division under General Banks in 1863, and fought with distinction through the Civil War. He died at Washington, December 1, 1887, in his seventy-sixth year.

S. T. C.

Life's Little Comedies---No. 1, The Tarantula---By S. T. C.

Persons at the Dinner Party

(MRS. PHYLLYS CARRINGTON is celebrating her birthday. She is sixty, but does not look it. Elegant of figure, which is still slim, hair beautifully grayed and features classical. Her gown is a Paris creation. Around her shoulders is draped a silk scarf of delicate Japanese design. She has a precise, well-modulated voice.)

MARGERY PENNINGTON (her married daughter) aged 26. A pretty but rather nervous young woman with deep chestnut hair, rather high voice and glowing color. Her eyes are large and expressive but of restless activity. She wears a down-to-date New York gown of French gray.

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON (her husband), Medium size, aged 30. Wears white flannel tennis suit and negligee shirt. A portrait painter of great ability. He has a cleft in his chin which dimples when he smiles.

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON (their son and heir). A self-centered child of six who is being reared by strict rule. He has on a sailor suit of white linen and is barefooted.

THE FRAULEIN (governess to Poindexter). Rosy-faced spinster of middle age, wears gold-rimmed glasses, has short, crispy hair, a sturdy chin and is resolute in appearance. Plain dress of a mannish cut.

CALEB CARRINGTON (Mrs. Carrington's bachelor brother-in-law). Short and stockily-built. Is 65, bald and in black. He has amassed a fortune in the rubber business and has come to California to enjoy what leisure is left him.

MYNOTT NEVILLE (an English visitor). Aged 27. Wears pince-nez glasses. Rather prominent teeth, ruddy cheeks, light hair. Has small-check suit. Is looking for experiences, having in mind the writing of a book of travel.

GLADYS CARLTON (Mrs. Carrington's niece). Aged 22. Tennis girl; robust, independent, disposed to give Neville mental shocks and ever ready to elaborate material for his book.

MAX CARLTON (her brother). University faculty professor of 30. Is deeply engrossed in natural history and is engaged in the examination of a famous asphalt bed in the vicinity which has yielded prehistoric relics in a state of remarkable preservation. He carries a sabre tooth taken from an immured tiger. Hair black and brushed back from high forehead.

AUNT PERSIS (Mrs. Carrington's eldest spinster sister). Tall and even slimmer than Mrs. Phyllis. She wears a gown of white crepe and a white lace cap. Is very deaf and carries an ear trumpet.

(It has been a four o'clock dinner so that Poindexter could sit at table. The coffee is being served in the reception hall where Poindexter can play about and the Victrola can be heard to better advantage. The hall is spacious and holds many curios from Japan and other foreign countries. A steel-clad armored figure of life size stands in a recess near the large glass door through which one gets a glimpse of a wide, attractive looking porch with concrete floor. A curiously carved table of cherry wood, with a high lacquer polish is at right angles to the door and above it is an antique mirror from old Japan. The guests are seated in rockers, and on a carved Japanese bench, forming a half circle, facing the porch. The time is September. They have been listening to a dissertation by Max on the lure of the asphalt lake and the wondrous finds therein uncovered by the enthusiastic university men searching for prehistorics.)

MYNOTT NEVILLE

My word! that is a lure! I say, have any tarantulas been turned up?

MAX CARLTON

(In a slightly disgusted tone) Tarantulas? O, no! You would hardly find any spiders in a place of that sort. It's the big game, looking for water, that was caught and held.

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(With a shudder) O, Cousin Max, please stop discussing spiders! You know how I abhor the horrid things!

THE HOSTESS

(With motherly solicitude) Yes, Max, pray be considerate. (To Neville) My daughter, Mrs. Pennington, when a small girl, up in Nevada, found a spider in her shoe one morning, and went into spasms. She was ill for a week from the shock. We moved to California soon after that.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Sympathetic) O, I say! What a beastly shame!

(Addressing Mrs. Pennington) Did the nasty little wretch bite?

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Speaking rapidly) No, indeed, Mr. Neville. If it had I should have died on the spot. Ugh! (She shivers at the recollection.)

UNCLE CALEB

(Grunts) Spiders, pshaw! When I was in Central America, I—

THE HOSTESS

Now, Caleb! None of those dreadful experiences before Margery. You know how delicate her nerves are. (Caleb emits another grunt and shuts up like a clam.)

AUNT PERSIS

(Lowering her ear trumpet and in a loud aside to her sister) The child's marked, Phyllis. There's no doubt of it. (The hostess nods furtively but makes no response.)

GLADYS CARLTON

(Quietly, to Neville) Did you ever see a tarantula, Mr. Neville?

MYNOTT NEVILLE

Only a photograph of one, Miss Carlton. I should jolly well like to. Shall I see one at the Grand Canyon, do you suppose?

GLADYS CARLTON

You might. Perhaps, you can get a guide to catch one for a souvenir. Or, better yet, get the petrified kind.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

O, I say! Petrified?

GLADYS CARLTON

Yes, from the petrified forests, nearby. The trees there have all turned into stone and, of course, every creature that ran or crawled there was similarly transformed.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Taking out his notebook) Really! How extraordinary! (Attempts a joke) Do you suppose I could get a petrified butterfly, too?

GLADYS CARLTON

Why not? They are such changeable creatures, you know.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

My word! What a wonderful country this America is, I say, Miss Carlton—(There is an exclamation of alarm from Randolph Pennington, who has opened the drawer of the Japanese table near which his wife is sitting. He slams the drawer shut in a hurry and turns white.)

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Unguardedly) O, what a monster!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Excitedly) What is it, dear?

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Guardedly) O, nothing, dear, nothing much!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(In a nervous key) Now, Randolph, tell me the truth. You know I cannot bear to be mystified. (Places her hand on her heart.)

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Faltering and in an awed tone) There is a tarantula in that drawer! It is alive!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Shrieking) A tarantula! My God! We shall all be bitten. What shall we do?

HER MOTHER

(Soothingly) Margery, dear, don't be frightened. The drawer is tight shut, isn't it Randolph?

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Recovering his poise) Yes, indeed! See! Not a crack anywhere. (Points to the tightly closed drawer triumphantly.)

MARGERY PENNINGTON

But it must be killed. If it ever gets out I could never set foot in this house again! Think of dear little Poindexter being bitten on his bare feet! (Calls) Come here, my lamb, to mother!

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

(Who is on his knees rolling marbles at the far end of the hall) Shan't!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Admonishingly) Poindy, dear, come to mother!

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

(Without looking around) Won't!

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Sternly) Poindexter!

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

(Sulkily) What?

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

Your mother called you.

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

Shan't come!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Recognizes the hopelessness of it and not

wishing to make a scene. Calls) Never mind, dear, stay there and play. (To her mother) What shall we do?

AUNT PERSIS

(Who has been levelling the ear trumpet, following the conversation, until she looks like an animated phonograph. Triumphantly) Send to the drug store, Phyllis, for a bottle of chloroform. Saturate a large piece of cotton batting with it, drop it in the drawer, and there you are!

CALEB CARRINGTON

(Reflectively) When I was in Central America—

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW

(Warningly) Caleb! (He sinks back in his chair, and mutters something which sounds like "d—d nonsense!")

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Deeply interested) How ingenious! (Turns to Gladys) Will the chloroform "take," do you think?

GLADYS CARLTON

(Suppressing her risibles) O, yes, Mr. Neville. That's the way the Hopi Indians hunt rattlesnakes in Arizona.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Whipping out his notebook) Dear, me! In what way?

GLADYS CARLTON

They tie a rag on the end of a stick, soak the cloth in chloroform and then thrust it into the snake's hole. He comes out to get a full breath and as soon as his head appears, the snake hunter thrusts a forked stick over his neck, gives him another whiff of the potion and then transfers the reptile to his bag.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Writing) How remarkable! I really must get more particulars.

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Peremptorily and excitedly) We must not temporize. If that spider gets away there is no telling what will happen. Mother!

MRS. PHYLLYS CARRINGTON

(In purling tones) What is it, dear?

MARGERY PENNINGTON

I shall take Poindexter home at once unless the tarantula is killed.

HER MOTHER

(Coaxingly) Now, dearie, don't be impulsive. We'll attend to it!

GLADYS CARLTON

(With sudden inspiration) I know! Let's carry the table out on the porch, pull out the drawer, turn it upside down on the flagging and "swat" the beastie when it tries to escape.

GENERAL CHORUS

Splendid! The very thing! Right you are! etc., etc.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Mystified) "'Swat' it!" Beg pardon, what is that?

MAX CARLTON

(Grimly) Western American, Mr. Neville, for smash it.

MYNOTT NEVILLE

(Greatly obliged) O!

(The three menfolk form at each corner, and Gladys volunteers for the fourth. The glass door is opened wide and the quartette moves gingerly forward with the table, great care being taken not to jar the drawer open. After the burden is set down, all arm themselves with various weapons gathered hurriedly from the domestic supply. The hostess has a flyswatter, Uncle Caleb a small shovel (grabbed from the coalscuttle), Randolph Pennington has rolled up a morning paper, the young Englishman wields a large ivory paper cutter, Gladys relies on a roll of ragtime music. Max Carlton has seized a small sofa pillow, and the Fraulein brandishes an old-fashioned carpet slipper. Margery Pennington alone is unarmed. She has fled to Poindexter and stands over him. The mother on guard to preserve her offspring! All the others form in circle, with weapons raised. Gladys, having proposed the plan offers to pull out the drawer and overturn it. But Max will not permit this and he advances to the task. There is a hush of expectancy. The moment is tense.)

MAX CARLTON

(In firm tones) Are you ready? (He grasps the handle of the drawer, gives it a rapid jerk forward and nimbly catching the back end, in a trice clamps the overturned drawer on the stone floor of the porch! There is a general exclamation—)

tion of relief as the drawer fits flush with the flagging, allowing no premature escape of the monster.)

GLADYS CARLTON

(Assuming direction of the forces) Now, Max, when you lift, raise the drawer from the front, keeping the back part on the floor. You people form a half circle in front and sides and it can't get away. All ready? (They rapidly shift positions and stand with their weapons poised for the strike, as Max slowly lifts the drawer. There is no immediate emergence of the spider, but the Fraulein, who is directly in front rushes forward with her carpet slipper and deals SOMETHING several resounding thwacks!)

THE FRAULEIN

(Puzzled) Ach! Dad is kveer!

ALL

What?

FRAULEIN

He wrickkles, but don'd sdier!

GLADYS CARLTON

(With a sudden thought) O! (With a long drawn out inflection.)

ALL

Eh?

GLADYS CARLTON

(Shrieking with laughter) It's a toy spider! I gave it to Poindexter for his Christmas tree, months ago!

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

(Sternly and incredibly) Gave Poindexter an imitation spider?

GLADYS CARLTON

(Stooping and picking up the toy) Yes, see here!

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

(Who, having been moved forward with his mother, spies his discarded plaything which he had lost before his parents saw it) Gimme my wriggler!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

Poindexter, you shall not have it! (She holds him back.)

POINDEXTER PENNINGTON

(Struggling) I will, too! (He escapes her grasp and rushes forward, but is stopped by his father, who grabs the offending toy from Gladys and tosses it far off the porch into a clump of giant bamboo.)

RANDOLPH PENNINGTON

There! Devil take the thing!

MARGERY PENNINGTON

(Admiringly; looking into his eyes) You hero!

MYNOTT NEVILLE

I say! What a jolly adventure!

CALEB CARRINGTON

(Disgustedly) Adventure, h—ll! When I was in Central America—but the party is passing back into the reception hall and the remarks of Uncle Caleb are lost in the general chatter that ensues.) Curtain.

Mrs. Huntington's Magnificent Gift

It was no ordinary gift which Mrs. H. E. Huntington bestowed upon San Francisco this week, when she mailed to Mayor Rolph a deed for the Colton property, at the crest of Nob Hill, bounded by California, Taylor, Sacramento and Cushman streets. Aside from the fact that this is an entire city block, located in a part of San Francisco where values are extremely high as the property is so desirable for high-class apartment houses, the gift is notable because the land occupies one of the most commanding sites in the city. From this point can be seen the entire bay, the Golden Gate, the "City That Is"—everything for miles around. The Fairmont hotel is right beside it, a fact that will place it in the vision of all who have gone to San Francisco on the Owl, for the Fairmont, next to the Ferry Building, is the first object one sees as the ferries approach the slips, and so it will be seen that Mrs. Huntington is giving to San Francisco one of the most remarkable playgrounds in the world. Her provision that it shall be so administered as to serve the needs of the women and children and not become a mere loafing place for idlers, is another unique feature. San Francisco is to be congratulated upon Mrs. Huntington's munificence.

Ripe Olives a California Discovery

Travelers who have been in Europe say that the ripe olive is unknown in Italy and the other countries where the olive is grown or used as a table delicacy. The green olive is served in various forms, but the delicious, nutritious ripe olive, as it is found in every good cafe in California, is the product exclusively, of the ingenuity of growers of this state. The state university recognizes this fact, and in connection with a campaign which is to be made this year to spread the gospel of the ripe olive unto the uttermost parts of the earth, is specializing on this unique California product.

By the Way



Newspaper Man Turns Inventor

Back in the territory of Dakota, in the southern half, in my early newspaper career, I used to meet, at intervals, the bright young publisher of a small weekly, named Charley Knight. We would borrow ink of each other occasionally and white paper when the snowstorms blockaded the train bearing our weekly grist of "ready" print. Later, in Chicago, whither we had both drifted, we fraternized, but for nearly twenty years I had lost track of him, when lo, at the Maryland hotel the other night, where I chanced to be taking dinner with Chicago friends, there he was as natural as life, only heavier, wearing a few more wrinkles than of yore and hiding under near-sighted glasses. But to my astonishment this old comrade of early newspaper days proved to be the inventor, Charles Y. Knight, of the celebrated Knight motor, which work of ingenuity has brought my old friend fame and fortune in the last decade. I knew he had a mechanical turn for he could make any old press get into action when all others had failed, but I was not aware that his bent had been commercially profitable and not once had I connected the Charley Knight of territorial experiences with the successful inventor of the Knight motor engine. He has been living in London for the last eight years where his motor is in high favor, but has come to the coast to stay until the war is over, and in proof of his belief that it is to be a long-drawn-out affair he has bought a house on Bellefontaine avenue in Pasadena. Talk about the mutations of time!

Word From Stanley Abey's Home

My readers will recall the two happy little poems under the general title "Nursery Versery" written by poor Stanley G. Abey, who died over in Pasadena the day they appeared in print. I told in this column of the lad's grit, his cheerful spirit, even when death had him marked, and I find that in writing home to his people in England he never complained of his ailments, but concealed the sad truth. His last letter to his every week he mailed a bright, chatty letter that sister at Hull told of his visit to The Graphic office and the promise of the editor to try to make use of his talents. It was received, writes Miss Abey, to me, two days after the cable had notified them of her brother's death. In a letter I have just received from her she says: "To write was the only thing he could do in his condition and I know that it had been a heartbreaking time for him to get recognition." Miss Abey has sent me a poem written by her brother in memory of a friend who died of cholera in Persia. It is called "Beside the Shat-el-Arab" and the opening stanza reads:

Beside the Shat-el-Arab lies a grave
Whose unrelenting arms enclasp
The body of our friend;
All that we have we'd give
Could we but call him back from death's fell grasp.

Adds Florence Abey: "This first verse of my brother's poem voices my own feelings now, and the others seem to me to describe him as he was before he went to the deadly climate (Persia) which gave him his death blow." Poor Stanley Abey! That far away home in Hull, England, will never see his face again.

Hawaii Trip Great Success

I am assured that the trip to Honolulu of the Great Northern was in every wise satisfactory, thereby redeeming the big steamer from the malodor that appertained to her initial trip through the canal to the coast, due to imperfect arrangements in caring for the creature comforts of the passengers. However, experience is a stern teacher and the Great Northern probably will never offend again in that way. Certain it is that the cruise from San Pedro to the Hawaiian islands, made in record-breaking time, was in

nowise to be criticised, as witness the testimonial of the passengers to Captain Ahman, his officers, Purser Williams, the commissary department and to Chief Engineer Spencer. I am further assured that the sister ship Northern Pacific, to follow to the coast, has profited by the experiences of her predecessor to these ports. Both boats are to engage in the Portland to San Francisco run in the attempt of Jim Hill to compete with the Southern Pacific railway for passenger and freight business.

Santa Fe Breaking Records

For the first time in the history of the Santa Fe, John J. Byrne informs me, that transcontinental line is obliged to wait on its return equipment to care for the passenger traffic that is now seeking to be moved to the Coast. Last Monday the California Limited went out of Chicago in seven sections, Tuesday in five sections and Wednesday the same. With so unprecedented a demand for sleepers and dining cars the passenger department has been taxed beyond its capacity and is obliged to cry a halt on booking until the read catches up on equipment. Both Mr. Byrne and his immediate superior, Jere Black of the Chicago office, who has been on the coast two weeks, are wearing bland smiles these days and predicting for their road a record-breaking season.

True Story of Panama Riots

Members of the Selig Polyscope Company who have just returned from Panama tell a thrilling, albeit frequently humorous, story of the riots there at the time of the Mardi Gras, the only account of which in the newspapers was a highly censored, brief despatch, with the most meager details. Here is the true story: Late one night, in the Mardi Gras festival, a native policeman (known to Americans as a "spigotty") tried to arrest an American soldier, for a cause which never yet has been learned. The American resisted, and the spigotty turned in a riot call. American soldiers poured out of every cafe and other places of entertainment, while the spigotty reserves came rushing down to the center of the city armed with high-power magazine rifles. Major White had ordered a force of troops kept handy for emergencies, but the armed guard had started back for the post, so the Americans were without weapons excepting for the clubs of the provost guard. The spigottys began firing in every direction, into houses and up and down the streets. The Americans stormed several shooting galleries and looted them of their little 22-rifles and ammunition, barricaded themselves in the street and held their position. The pitched battle continued about an hour. Meanwhile, Major White, up the hill at the Tivoli, was notified, and soon had the armed force brought back. Martial law was declared and the streets cleared, the spigottys disarmed, and the ambulance corps sent around to gather up the dead and wounded. Then came the grim humor. Only two had been killed, and they were both Panamanians, shot in the base of the brain with the little twenty-twos, the only part of the body, probably, fatally vulnerable to these insignificant guns. Scores of other Panamanians were wounded, invariably in the back. Among the Americans there were no bullet-wounds at all, but many broken noses, mashed jaws and marks of personal combat, or where they had been struck by missiles hurled from the house-tops.

Actors Have Narrow Escape

Meanwhile, two members of the Selig Company had been out in a hack, seeing the sights. They ran into the middle of the fracas, and, deserting the vehicle, made a dash for a cafe. They were still pushing their way toward safety when a native called one of the actors a foul name, and the film player knocked him down with a terrific smash in the jaw. The situation then became extremely precarious, but it happened that Director Colin Campbell was in the cafe at the time, and he and the proprietor opened the door, dragged in the fugitives, and barricaded the place. Before the siege became serious the American troops arrived and proclaimed martial law. The incident shows the feeling of hostility which is ready to break out at the least provocation, between the natives and the Americans, especially between the police and the soldiers.

Appointment Meets Public Approval

One of the best things the Times does is hang around in the alley until an important federal appointment in this district is made, and then raise a hullabaloo about how everyone is thrown down by the administration, Senator Phelan rebuked, Church ignored and Kettner "slapped." The appointment of Oscar A. Trippet as judge of the district court to succeed Judge Wellborn was no such surprise as General Otis' paper tries to make

it appear. Mr. Trippet's qualifications for the office are so well known, and his high standing in his party equally so, that a more obviously suitable selection would have been hard to find. Regardless of who may or may not have suggested his name to the President, his appointment is one that reflects great credit upon the discernment of the administration and which has been greeted with the utmost approval by the legal profession. Incidentally, it proves that former Attorney General McReynolds, now on the United States supreme bench, is persona grata at the White House and with Attorney General Gregory his successor.

Patten Coup Not Formerly Famed

In the "Notable People Now Visiting Here" department of the Examiner Thursday morning I found the following gem: "James A. Patten of Chicago, known through the country as the man who once got a corner on the wheat market, and Mrs. Patten." At least there is one corner that Jim Patten has been able to maintain year after year, without being indicted for it.

Untimely Death of Charming Woman

Miss Edna F. Robbins, secretary of the Drama League Center here, and proprietor of the Book Lovers' Exchange, died last Friday. This is a real loss to the many friends of this charming young woman. Of a culture and refinement, mature beyond her years, and a personality delightful to all who came in contact with her, even in the most casual circumstances, she was one of those real individuals whom we would like to believe destiny marks for a long life of broad influence. It suggests a sentence from a book, the title of which I cannot recall: "Her life was a slender thread of fine-spun gold, so fine, alas, that it snapped too easily."

Unexamined Honesty of Mayor Rose

Why on earth Harry Rose, mayor of this great and glorious city, could not manage to spend \$500 in a trip to San Francisco to the opening of the Exposition, is something I cannot understand, but the fact remains that he gave back to the city treasury \$183.30. This is a case for the modern Diogenes to take seriously under advisement, especially in view of the fact that out of \$316.70 Mayor Rose paid \$140 for a dinner in entertaining the Exposition president, directors and guests.

Couldn't Fool the Cashier

Apropos of Mayor Rose's visit to the Exposition he tells the following story of an incident in one of the concessions of the Zone. "I went into the '49 Camp to look things over, and found that one of the attractions was the privilege of dry-washing a pan of gold sand. A certain number of small nuggets had been 'salted,' and the visitor was permitted to keep whatever dust or lumps he panned out. I carried my pan to one side, and as I dry-washed, took a nugget out of my coin purse that I had had for years. Then I gave a shout of surprise and the manager came running up. He expressed astonishment, which certainly was not feigned, that I had found so large a nugget, but the joke was spoiled when the young woman at the cashier's desk took a look. 'O rats!' she said, 'that ain't our gold.'"

Noted Attorney in Local Practice

James M. Sheridan, whose headquarters as special assistant to the United States attorney general, have been in Los Angeles for more than two years, has retired from the government service, and has taken up the private practice of law, with special attention to public land matters before the courts and federal departments. It was Mr. Sheridan who succeeded Louis R. Glavis in conducting the Cunningham coal claim cases, at the time of the Pinchot-Ballinger-Glavis-Taft complications, and the proceedings he directed resulted in the restoration of the lands to the government. Since November, 1912, he has been engaged in representing the government in a great variety of cases involving government relations with oil lands and other public domain such as the Inyo hot springs reservation, the Grand Canyon case involving the maintaining as public property the water holes in arid regions, and similar matters.

Merely a Lesser Light

Grace Darling is a star and knows it. Most of The Graphic readers will think, perhaps, that I have forgotten that the heroine of the light-house is long since dead. I speak not of her, but of the real, famous woman of the reel drama—Grace Darling. She was being personally conducted through the San Diego Exposition by Douglas Turney of the Examiner, and it transpired that former Mayor James Wadham hit upon the brilliant idea of a reception with a double headliner—Madam Ernestine Schumann-Heink,

being in San Diego at the same time. The idea was broached to Miss Darling, heroine of a thousand silent dramas, and she did not act proudly or superciliously about it, but you know, we actresses have to be so careful, for you know people do talk, and so, after considerable cogitation she said: "Well, I don't know about this reception thing. Who is this Schumann-Heink person, anyhow?"

Anything to Be Picturesque

Editorial comment was made in The Graphic last week based upon a newspaper report to the effect that Harold Lane, a minor offender against the law, had been released by the court because he knew the difference between the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. The news item caused various newspapers in other cities to comment upon the strange procedure. I have just discovered that this was simply another case of a reporter deliberately ignoring the important part of a trial, dragging out a chance remark, and making it appear that the entire decision rested upon the incidental fact. Thus is the truth sacrificed to the picturesque. I have read a transcript of the case, and while the question and answer concerning the two thieves appear, the judge went on for what makes two pages of typewritten manuscript, to analyze the case and lead up to the point where he placed him on probation, not because of his biblical knowledge, but because it appeared that the young man really had shown signs of true repentance, a point which gave significance to the single remark removed from its context to make a snappy story.

Sidelight on the Great War

I appear to be in disfavor with certain of my friends of German extraction by reason of the fact that I have criticized adversely certain aspects of the German policy in the present war. Of all the manifestations of this displeasure I cherish most a note received from a well-known woman with a distinctly German name who says: "Please discontinue sending me The Graphic for a few years." Let us hope that the war soon will end.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

THOUGH the weather during the Exposition's first week was by no means propitious the attendance far surpassed records at either Chicago or St. Louis' openings. If the present average is maintained the most sanguine estimates of the directors will be realized, and for the first time in the history of world's fairs a financial success will be registered. President C. C. Moore's statement to the stockholders showed that the Exposition had opened practically free of debt, and if Alameda county comes through with its pledged contribution the P. P. I. E. Company will have been "on velvet" since the opening day. Meanwhile, the directors are spending money lavishly for the entertainment of the crowds, and everything that is done is of the best. Three splendid military bands and a large orchestra are maintained by the management, and thus there is always good music at hand. The nightly illuminations, indescribably beautiful, draw crowds not only to the grounds, but to every neighboring hill. And the beauties of the illuminated Exposition City are so innumerable and so varied that night after night one is impelled to view them.

That automobile racing has extraordinary fascination for the multitude was once more demonstrated Saturday when 81,000 people witnessed the Grand Prix race, despite the morning's gloomy outlook and the persistent showers that made watching exceedingly uncomfortable and racing extraordinarily dangerous. There were perpetual thrills for the spectators but, happily, no serious accidents. A solitary and indiscreet dog summarized the casualties. But in the afternoon reports were rife of the death of at least one driver. Thus the imagination of many spectators was appeased, and the Examiner the next morning had to satisfy itself with the reassuring headline, "Death Is Defied on Slippery Course." Frankly, the attraction of these races is the danger to which the drivers expose themselves. And yet we affect to regard with horror such comparatively innocuous sport as bullfighting, preening ourselves on our superior civilization in comparison with the barbarities of the ring. A toreador's risk with a life-insurance company should be light compared with that of a racing chauffeur on a slippery track.

Three times a week, Lincoln Beachey thrills the crowds on the Exposition grounds by his graceful and daring flights. He handles his biplane with consummate ease and surety, but one breathes more freely each time when after com-

pleting his series of loops, somersaults and glides he descends with a perpendicular drop, his latest hair-raising feat, and brings his machine to earth with the facile accuracy of a chauffeur stalling his car in the garage. Surely, there is only one Beachey, and may he long disappoint the Jeremiahs!

Although there were no unusual features announced to draw the crowd Sunday, the record of admissions was 84,000. No wonder the directors are congratulating themselves, for it may safely be considered a normal crowd.

There has been a series of dedicating ceremonies which is destined to continue for an indefinite period. President C. C. Moore comes up smiling for each event and though the drain on the special flood of oratory required for these occasions must be severe stands the ordeal nobly. He has had valuable aides in these ceremonies in Governor Johnson, whose voice and manner are mellowing with the years, and in Mayor Rolph who is no orator but who always looks pleasant.

Of all the exhibition palaces that of Canada so far attracts and holds the biggest crowds. The Dominion government's exhibit is a permanent institution and has long been regarded as one of the most important factors of its immigration bureau. Its principal feature is a succession of vivid reproductions in panorama of agricultural wealth on the prairie, mineral resources, harbor and railroad facilities. In the foreground of the panorama of prairie and forest are stuffed birds and beasts of every variety, grouped with most artistic and life-like skill. The harbor and city of Vancouver are imaged as the prophets expect them to be ten years hence, and in the real water of the bay there is a perpetual procession of finely modeled steamships. Passing on to Port Arthur and Fort William the giant grain elevators are reproduced with miniature freight trains running to and fro. British Columbia is featured as the sportsman's paradise in a really entrancing corner, where among less fortunate stuffed displays live beavers disport themselves. And then there is an Eastern apple orchard, and the illusion is so cleverly carried out that it is hard to distinguish the dividing line between the edible fruit and the painted similitude. Here Canada pays California a graceful compliment with the prominent statement that the Dominion learned from this state the art of advertising its riches in fruit. The only thing lacking was an oleograph of Frank Wiggins and his famous moustachios. Such an incessant crowd is gathered to the Canadian building that one needs the energy of a bargain-counter habitue to gain a place next the railing which protects the panorama.

In quiet contrast to this scene of activity is the New York State building, architecturally one of the most beautiful in the Exposition city. Within and without it is unique in its calm and dignity. The only exhibit is that of rest and hospitality. Handsome furniture and beautiful draping and decoration distinguish ball room, music salon, reading and drawing rooms, and in one corner there is an excellent restaurant. The interior resembles a first-rate club more than anything else, and the New Yorkers appropriated \$750,000 for this luxurious elegance.

Only one blemish on the orderly conduct of the Joy Zone has been laid bare. Vagaries on the part of the mercenary denizens of the '49 Camp proved too tough even for its managers. One of the latter, Sam Davis of Carson City, expert veteran that he is, welcomed the interference of the police with scenes which he frankly confessed were of too wildly hilarious and lawless a nature. No pen picture that Sam had ever drawn was so vivid. He admitted that his "actors" had got beyond his control. There is, however, a humiliating touch of irony in the announcement that the western managers of the '49 Camp have sent to New York for an expert in theatrical direction who is to put "a Broadway polish" on this distinctively western attraction.

Etymologists are now invited to discover the origin of the word "jitney." Four lingual experts in the University of California already have confessed their inability to trace its source and derivation. Professor Noyes of the department of Slavic languages refutes the popular impression that it is a Russian word. Probably, its origin is as obscure and illegitimate as its English equivalents, "tanner" and "tizzy." schoolboy synonyms for sixpence. [Apparently San Francisco has not yet come in touch with the solution reached through the columns of The Graphic, that this is a word evolved by the negroes of the South, many years ago, for the five cent piece.—Editor The Graphic.]

San Francisco, March 2.

R. H. C.

Cheaters

ROSE STAHL discovered, about ten years ago, that she possessed talent for impersonating certain non-existent characters in such manner as to entertain highly that portion of the world which seldom comes into contact with the purported originals. She did this so successfully in a vaudeville sketch, entitled "The Chorus Lady," that its author, James Forbes, who had originally written it as a magazine story, expanded it into a full-length comedy. This was so successful that when the run had exhausted itself, the same character was given another name, "Maggie Pepper," and the show-girl became a shop-girl. There was only one letter changed, it will be noted, and there was even less change in the character. But more people know shop-girls than know show-girls, and so the non-existent character did not convince such a wide circle of admirers. Besides, it is well known that, while show-girls contribute nothing at all to the support of the drama, the shop-girls are among its best patrons, and they were not to be fooled by Miss Stahl's cleverness. So Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, two of the best mechanics of the theatrical world, held a lodge of sorrow one day, and the result was a recrudescence of "The Chorus Lady" under the title, "A Perfect Lady." In the fullness of time this comedy has reached Los Angeles, and this week is being presented at the Mason Opera House.

Messrs. Pollock and Wolf have been entirely successful in rewriting Mr. Forbes' comedy, the essence of which was the contrasting of the sophisticated, nonexistent type, of Miss Stahl's unique talents, with a pure and simple maiden sister, to be played, preferably, by an actress of no stage experience, as her lack of thespian ability is easily mistaken for a picture of idyllic virtue. This much having been said, there is nothing left but Miss Stahl's personality, and it is one not difficult to remember, once having encountered, nor too subtle for analysis. It consists of the gum-chewing style of mouth, frequently distorted into the grimaces usually associated with the ejection of a stream of tobacco juice from a male countenance, but in the case of Miss Stahl, happily unaccompanied by anything of the sort. Added to this is a shock of dull red hair, a swagger of independence, and slang ad lib. Now, in order that these qualities, which ordinarily would be simply vulgar and unattractive, excepting where the humor of the lines and situations redeem them, may attract, the character is always that of the wise woman who is helping her weaker and unwise sister. It bears, in short, much the same relationship that Henry Arthur Jones has employed so successfully in most of his plays written for Sir Charles Wyndham, the "important variations being a few years in college, a few thousands of dollars in wealth, and a few strata difference in the social scale.

In brief, Miss Stahl has about played out her string, so far as this particular nonexistent character goes, and yet it is doubtful if she ever will be accepted in any other guise. It is the same tragedy of art that pursued Rose Melville, who could not escape from "Sis Hopkins," though she was a clever actress of much personal charm. It is the same sort of a tragedy that would overtake specialists in treatment of the eyes if suddenly the eyesight of everyone in the world

should become perfectly normal. It is doubtful if Los Angeles, or Broadway, ever will have another opportunity to see this great favorite in her peculiarly individual creation, and so it behooves those who have the desire to hasten to the Mason before this week's engagement ends.

R. B.

"Everywoman" at the Majestic

One can hardly make a mistake in going to see a production which bears



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, Orpheum

the trade-mark of Henry Savage. Some of them are better than others, but none is worse. Without cluttering up the stage as does David Belasco, he succeeds in answering all legitimate questions that an intelligent audience may ask. This faculty has been displayed to perfection in "Everywoman," for while it is a simple enough story for those who have the least inclination to go below the surface of words and situations, still it is an allegory, and there is a large section of the public which flies into a mental panic the minute there is the least suggestion that the spoken word is meant to suggest something more than its plain, dictionary syllables. So to the interpretation of this allegory, Henry Savage has brought all his skill as a craftsman. He might have

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JANE COWL

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Notwithstanding the fact that this play costs \$1500.00 each week for royalty and that Miss Cowl has never appeared at less than \$2.00 prices the regular Burbank schedule will remain in effect. Evenings, 25-50-75c; Mats.: Thurs., Sat., Sun., 25-50c.

bewildered the simple-minded by embroidering the idea with all sorts of frills and furbelows of theatricalism, and he might have left them wandering in Stygian darkness by leaving too much to imaginations which do not exist (or which are, usually, left at home packed away in mental moth-balls, before going to the theater); but avoiding both of these extremes, he has truly interpreted the thought which Browne tried to convey. Alice Baxter plays the name part and Elmer Grandin the equally important one of Nobody. It is a beautiful performance and falls no whit below the one formerly seen here in any important particular.

Popular Farce at Burbank

"Seven Days" has nine lives. In years when theatrical moods and fashions have changed as rapidly as the width and length of skirts. "Seven Days" has retained its popularity, and is drawing the full strength of the Burbank clientele this week. There are plays which are actor-proof, and there are others which depend entirely upon the players. This one is neither, but furnishes situations which are inherently funny, but which admit of indefinite extension into the zone of humor by players who have sufficient understanding and also ability. There are a few instances where the Burbank cast inclines toward an overstepping of the line of farce into that of burlesque. Beatrice Nichols, for instance, exaggerates a slight, "still" reaction of a single cocktail, into almost violent intoxication. These are subtleties, however, hard to realize in the brief period allotted to stock rehearsal. Forrest Stanley is back in the company, in itself an eventful occasion, for he has been missed—with all respect to Mr. Farnum.

Kolb and Dill at Morosco

How many engagements have Kolb and Dill played in Los Angeles? Will the oldest inhabitant please step forward and furnish the information. A few months more than eleven years ago the old Casino opened with them as the stars of a burlesque company. He who dodderingly writes these reminiscences of years long past cannot say whether or not that was the first appearance of the pair in these parts, but he is confident that no year has gone by since then without a joyous visit from Kolb and Dill. They are at the Morosco again this week, with "A Peck o' Pickles," one of the best mediums they ever have had for their comedy for the reason that it was devised by Frank Stammers, and while Stammers is no Irvin S. Cobb, he knows his men so well that he can provide just the kind of matter for them to use most effectively. To write more about either the show or the comedians would be an insult to the intelligence of playgoers. Percy Bronson, one of the most effective of the satellites of the popular team, and Nana Bryant, the charming prima donna, add much to the joy of the occasion.

True Poetry of Dance

None but a lyric poet of the first rank should attempt to write of the series of dances presented by Mlle. Maryon Vadie and her company at the Orpheum this week, for it would take the pen of a Keats or a Shelley to do justice to anything so thoroughly satisfying to the higher ethical, poetic elements. It seems almost sacrilege to write prose in appreciating this production, but, unfortunately, I am no poet. If ever in my life I suspected myself of the poetic faculty, I know now that it is not contained in my make-up because I have seen Mlle. Vadie and her corps de ballet and do not break into verse. Never, on any stage, have I seen anything with a more poetic appeal. The dancers are all the embodiment of youth and grace and charm. They are so perfectly trained in their art that the art is entirely forgotten in the appreciation of effect. Descending from the

lyric plane to mere headliners—there are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane. As is well known, they too dance, and, fortunately for them, before Mlle. Vadie. Hence, the audience can enjoy their presentation of ballroom dances, which by no possible stretch of the imagination, could be danced in any ball-room save by Mr. and Mrs. Crane. The Crane Skip is the best of their offerings, but, in looking back upon the entire program, it seems a poor, pitiful little thing compared with the wonderful beauty which followed. Butler Haviland and Alice Thornton present "At Trouville," a delicious bit of foolery which is thoroughly enjoyable. Then there is Milt Collins whose lengthy monologue has clever touches, not enough of them to brighten the general gloom but only enough to accentuate the dark clouds of strained efforts to bring a laugh. Newhouse, Snyder & Co. open the bill with a cycling act which contains nothing new and original. It serves its purpose, however, in affording those women who come late the opportunity to remove their hats leisurely without annoying the men sit-



Maggie Teyte, To Sing Thursday

ting behind them. The holdovers, Ching Ling Foo, the satire, "Woman Proposes," and Kate Elinore and Sam Williams are all well worth seeing and hearing the second time.

J. G. R.

Notes of Mission Play

John McGroarty's offer of a nominal rate to schools for admission to the Mission Play at San Gabriel for a limited season has been accepted by the school authorities of many cities and towns having convenient electric railway connection with the Mission City, and almost every performance is attended by large parties of teachers and pupils. The schools of Alhambra, South Pasadena, Baldwin Park, Glendale and Los Angeles have sent their students in parties ranging in number from fifty to four hundred, and early dates have been reserved by Burbank, Huntington Park and other towns. A large party from Long Beach, headed by the municipal band, attended the play last Saturday. The entire house was taken the evening of March 4 by employees of the Home Telephone Company, who sold tickets for a fund they are raising in connection with the fiesta queen competition. Last Wednesday evening, the Mexican and

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Indian residents of San Gabriel, several hundred in number, attended the performance as guests of the management and of Mayor Daken of San Gabriel.

Jane Cowl at the Burbank

"Within the Law," one of the most powerful of modern plays in its succession of intense scenes, will be given its first stock company presentation in Los Angeles next week at the Burbank, with the popular Jane Cowl as the star. Miss Cowl has a long list of big successes to her credit, and with the support of the clever Bur-

bank company, to the roster of which Orme Caldara has been added for this production, she should appear to the best possible advantage. "Within the Law" is by Bayard Veiller, and is one of the most sensationally successful plays of recent years.

"Follies" at the Mason

Ziegfeld Follies, 1914 Series, begins a week's engagement at the Mason opera house next Monday evening, with the New York cast, numbering 150 players. Among these are Bert Williams, Leon Errol, Vera Michelena, May Carman, Gladys Feldman

and many other well-known performers. The production is spectacularly staged.

Another Week of "Everywoman"

"Everywoman," which has been playing to packed houses at the Ma-jestic for the last week, will be seen at the same house for one more week beginning Sunday night. A review of the performance will be found in another column.

Three Pantages Headliners

Triple headliners are scheduled for the coming week at Pantages. The list includes Johannes Josefsson, the famous exponent of "Glima"; which is the Icelandic equivalent of Jiu Jitsu; Balaban, a mystery with a musical motif, and Bernice Sibeck, a Los Angeles girl who breaks into vaudeville with a dancing act programmed as "A Moonlight Fantasy." "Glima" is a national institution among the Icelandic people, its champions enjoying the same vogue as the torador in Spain, or the Jiu Jitsu wrestlers of Japan. Balaban, whose personality and performance are shrouded in equal mystery by the Pantages management, employs music as a vehicle for novel transformations. Bernice Sibeck and her little dancers offer "A Moonlight Fantasy," said to be a veritable Midsummer Night's Dream. Scenery, lighting and costumes are all designed to make this a vision of fairyland. Her appearance at Pantages is undoubtedly the commencement of a brilliant career. Evans and Sister, foot juggling novelty, Three Guys in "Minstrelsy a la Carte," and Harry Cornell in a new act, "Service," complete the roster of the week. Keystone Comedies, with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand, are the pictorial feature.

Orpheum's Gypsy Act

There will be a complete novelty at the Orpheum the week opening Monday matinee, March 8, in the presentation of the W. Horelik Ensemble, of a pantomime, "In a Gypsy Camp." The wild, passionate life of these nomad tribes is vividly portrayed in all its intensity; a fiery tale of love, jealousy, hate, revenge and beauty, is completely told in their dancing. The variety of their steps, which range from czardas to the Russian folk dances, and the whirlwind speed with which all are done, even the most acrobatic, tend to make this act one of most unusual quality. Charley Grapwin, whose "Mr. Pipp," was a comedy classic, with Anna Chance, will present "Poughkeepsie." As a comedian, Grapwin is apart from all other funny men, in method and purpose. Rae Elinor Ball is a violin virtuoso. Louis London, a newcomer, will exploit his character studies, especially of the Indian, and sing baritone solos in costume studies. Ernie & Ernie bring "Three Feet of Comedy." The Cranes, in their adaptations of ball room dances for stage purposes, Milt Collins, in his funny chat, and Mlle. Maryon Vadie and her coryphees, in lyric dances, will remain. The orchestral concert and Pathe views as usual.

Maggie Teyte, English Soprano

Second of the stars new to the Pacific Coast whom Manager Behymer will introduce this year will be the petite and charming English soprano, Maggie Teyte, coming to Trinity Auditorium next Thursday evening. The sensation of the American musical season of 1912-13 was undoubtedly the exquisite singing and acting of this dainty English prima donna. Her versatility, the finished perfection of her art, unhampered, as it seemed, by her extreme youth, and the extraordinary magnetism of her personality caused universal astonishment and delight. While she has established an enviable reputation in every branch of serious singing, she has gained her

greatest fame through her presentation of the songs of Debussy, revival of the French music of the eighteenth century—which latter she gives in the costume of that day—and in her vigorous championing of American song writers. By special request all the encores for the one recital to be given here will be sung in English. The program will be as follows: "Ah! C'est est fait" (Mozart), Caro mio ben (Giordano), La Colomba (K. Schindler), Invocazione a Vener (Parelli), Serenata (Zandonai), Priere qu'un enfant ne meurt pas (Fevrier), Tete de femme (G. Hue), Villanelle des petits canards (Chabrier), L'ane blanc and J'ai pleure en reve (G. Hue), Oft in the Stilly Night (Stevenson), When Love is Kind (Arr. by A. L.), Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes (Johnson), A Pastoral (Carey), C'est pour toi (Dezede), Cetteteau de Rose and Le Bailere, Popular Songs of Haut Auvergne (Malaret), En passant par la Lorraine (Brissaud), Le Rosier blanc and Petronille (Weckerlin).

Opera at the Bristol

Lovers of light opera have their fill at the Cafe Bristol this week, where the Field Senate, Los Angeles chapter, the arias from masterpieces. Gorden Bennett, soprano, and Hazel Parma, contralto, are the stars. Other noted singers in the cast are Miss Adelina Potter, Hazel Lambert, Rheinhold Oeschler, H. M. King, Jose Robinson, and a good chorus. Among the spectacular numbers are "Adele" from the opera of the same name; "Funiculi, Funicula;" "Love Tales of Hoffman;" "The Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore;" "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier;" and scores of others.

Tolstoi Book in Film

"Kreutzer Sonata" echoes the entire keyboard of human emotion. It is the tragedy supreme from the heart of the great Tolstoy. This is the photoplay that comes to Miller's for one week beginning Monday. Every principal role is in the hands of a player of note. Heading the list is Nance O'Neill, in the part of Miriam, the wronged wife, who takes in the end a terrible revenge. The character of Celia, the beautiful, heartless siren, is played by Theda Bara, who adds another "vampire woman" to her list. William Shay, former leading man for Mrs. Fiske and Viola Allen, portrays the difficult role of the violinist, Gregor Randor. The great production was staged by Director Herbert Brenon, producer of "Nep-tune's Daughter," and other successes. The added attraction is the tenth and latest of the "Exploits of Elaine" stories.

Students Give Fine Play

Unity to a remarkable degree distinguished the work of students of Wallis School of Dramatic Art in a school presentation of Mrs. Lionel Marks' legendary play, "The Piper," last Monday evening at Gamut theater. With a cast of ninety-five students ranging from five years to thirty, moved as by one purpose and apparently unconscious of the audience in the interest of the action, Daniel Reed in the role of the piper, demonstrated his art and ability as an actor and director, for the institution that trained him for his profession five years ago. But that which gave the performance its spectacular appearance was also its chief hindrance to perfection in a crowded stage that only the excellent training overcame to a degree. The scenic effects were attractive, the gay, quaint costumes of that period giving a holiday tone to the pictures that was heightened by the trunks of children. These little folk called forth an ovation from Orpheus club members in session in the ballroom of the Gamut building, in their progress from the dressing rooms on the second floor to the stage. Another attractive feature was

the musical settings by the orchestra of the First Christian church, composed of thirty pieces, measurably emphasizing the more poetic lines of the play.

Gluck-Zimbalist in Pasadena

Pasadena Music and Art Association may bring good music to Pasadena for years to come and the public will applaud but never again will its own first sense of victory over many obstacles be met by the fresh enthusiasm of so surprisingly large and representative an audience as that which gathered in the Horace Mann auditorium last Monday night. As Alma Gluck with her golden voice, and Efrem Zimbalist with his alert violin literally sang together the familiar strains of one of America's old Southern melodies, given as their first recall number after the announced duets, the perfectness of the occasion disclosed itself.

Here appeared in handsome modern guise a young Greek goddess of music whose exquisite voice and subtle technic are just now bringing the world again to the feet of genius. Beside her, holding his instrument in quiet power stood a master violinist, embodiment of the musical genius of Russia, expressing in his own adaptation of Dvorak's Humoreske a unique accompaniment to his wife's delightful vocalization of the Suwannee River. An American audience, gathered from all parts of the United States, could ask no more of these two great artists on their concert wedding trip. And yet more was given, and the enthusiastic appreciation of this audience of more than sixteen hundred people, from all walks of life, responded in reverberating volumes of applause that called forth smiles and more music from this generous pair.

By the time Handel's Sonata in E Major had introduced the one and "Dupuis le jour" from Charpentier's "Louise" had made the audience acquainted with the emotional power of the other, both Mme. Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist had become a never-to-be-forgotten part of the musical experience of every person present. For his second number Zimbalist chose Vivace (Haydn-Auer) and followed it with Musette (Rambeau-Liebersohn) and Kreisler's Tambourin Chinois. This was a wise change of position with the Faust Fantasie announced by Dr. James A. B. Scherer, chairman of the music committee, when he took occasion to thank the Pasadena public for its magnificent response to the effort of the association. For at the very first measure of this number "the poet of the violin" captured the audience and made it his own. Through the whistling harmonics and double-stopped notes of the Vivace and its recall number, the delicacy and tender charm of the Musette and the readily recognized Chinese characteristics of the Kreisler composition great delight and the closest attention followed him and made more emphatic the additional wonder of his brilliant technic as expressed in Wieniawski's Fantasie on Gounod's Faust given later as No. 5.

In two groups of songs Mme. Gluck warmed the hearts of her hearers and raised them to a state of mind which only asked that she go on singing forever. No more thorough satisfying exponent of bel canto in its perfection has been heard for many months on this coast. Songs like Schubert's Du bist die Ruh and Crepuscule by Massenet swayed the emotions of the audience and were nearly the undoing of dignified foreigners present.

To close the program five deliciously sung English songs perfectly enunciated added to the established fame of the singer. Among them Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" called for an encore with

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no uncertain sound. Mme. Gluck understood the subtle request and signaling the pianist whose sympathetic accompaniments had increased the pleasure of the evening, she sang again the beautiful western song. Gluck is not only past master in the art of singing, she is song itself.

M. U.

Pasadena's Third Popular Concert

Friday evening, February 26, a large and enthusiastic audience greeted the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra in its third concert given under the auspices of the Music and Art Association at the Pasadena High School auditorium. The programme opened with Overture Solenne, by Glazounow, played with the precision and brilliancy for which Herr Tandler's orchestra is becoming well known. Pride as well as pleasure was the portion of the Pasadena music lovers as they listened and realized that a large portion of the audience was made up of the town's winter visitors from the musical centers of the East. The flute solo played with much finish by Mr. Jay Plowe gave variety to the programme and an opportunity for the presentation of flowers. It introduced to many of the audience the popular woman composer of France, Cecile Chaminade, in a haunting melody charmingly expressed. Debussy's Prelude to the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian enlivened the evening with its appeal to the mind and imagination and, perhaps, to the sense of humor in its unusual ending. While the climax of the programme came in the director's sympathetic interpretation of Liszt's superb symphonic poem, Les Preludes, so melodious, effective and intelligible; yet the four Caucasian Sketches by Ivanow-Ippolitow crowned the evening's enjoyment. Running the gamut of human emotions in a variety of touching and beautiful melodies, these musical numbers brought out the fine quality of individual instruments and the rhythmic swing of the orchestra as a whole.

Mrs. Mary Wemyss, author of "The Professional Aunt" and other books, writing from London to American friends, says that she has seven nephews fighting or ready to fight in the great war and an eighth just going to Woolwich. One of the nephews wrote her that at Mons all the horses of his battery were killed in five minutes, all the guns shattered and of the men only he and his major left.

Social & Personal

MISS LORRAINE WYMAN, whose interpretations of French and English country songs have been charming the society folk herabouts for several weeks, will give a public program at The Huntington, Pasadena, next Monday evening, and a large number of parties are being arranged for the occasion. Miss Wyman is the house guest of Mrs. John P. Jones, 325 West Adams, and her two programs, one at the Friday Morning Club, and one at a reception at the home of Mrs. L. J. Brunswig where Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brunswig were joint hostesses, were greeted with utmost enthusiasm. Miss Wyman interprets her songs in costume, and employs, in addition to the art of the singer, that of the diseuse, with unusual charm. Among those who will entertain at dinner parties prior to the concert and who are to be patronesses Monday evening are Mrs. John B. Miller, Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens, Mrs. Samuel Starrow, Mrs. Harry Van Dyke, Mrs. L. J. Brunswig, Mrs. David Cooke, Mrs. Torrey Everett, Mrs. C. J. Martin and Mrs. E. H. Moulton.

One of the most brilliant and elaborately appointed weddings of the season was that of Miss Pauline Vollmer, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ferdinand Vollmer, and Dr. Eldie Preston Wood, which was solemnized Wednesday evening at Christ Episcopal church. Rev. Laurence Idleman, curate of the church officiated and the ceremony was witnessed by hundreds of friends of the young couple. Easter lilies and greenery were used in the artistic decorations, the church being attractively massed with the blossoms. The archway of the rood screen was covered with asparagus plumosus ferns and clusters of the lilies, and on the altar were tall vases filled with the flowers and sprays of ferns. Archibald Sessions rendered the musical program preceding the service, and the wedding marches. The bride was given into the keeping of the bridegroom by her father. She wore a gown of ivory white satin charmeuse made with tunic effect, heavily embroidered with seed pearls and with trimmings of rose point lace. Her tulle veil was long, falling to the hem of her court train. It was caught to her head by a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of gardenias and lilies of the valley. Mrs. William W. Mines, sister of the bride, was her matron of honor. She was attired in a beautiful gown of American Beauty colored satin. Miss Dorothy Jackins and Miss Doris Collins, the maid of honor and the bridesmaid, were dressed alike in gown of a lighter red silk, made short-waisted and with the full hoop skirt effect. They, as well as Mrs. Mines, the matron of honor, carried arm bouquets of American Beauty rosebuds and wore short veils of pink tulle. Little Patricia Mines and Virginia Park were the flower girls, being daintily attired in quaint frocks of flesh-colored satin made over cream satin and with high smocked waists and long skirts. Mr. Roy Brooks King served Dr. Wood as best man and the ushers were Messrs. John Bell Bishop, John Summers, Jo Coffman and Roger Topp of this city and Messrs. Lloyd Randolph Flagg and Guy Menefee of Portland, Ore. Following the ceremony at the church a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 762 Garland avenue. The decorations there

were carried out in an attractive arrangement of American Beauty roses combined with almond blossoms and greenery. In the dining room gardenias, ferns, lilies of the valley and fluffy bows and streamers of white tulle ribbon were used. Dr. and Mrs. Wood left for an extended wedding trip, and upon their return they will make their home in this city, where both are prominent socially.

In compliment to Mr. Edwin Markham, the famous poet, writer, lecturer and philosopher, who is in Los Angeles for a few days, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes of 2324 South Figueroa street will entertain Saturday evening. The affair, a dinner party, will be extremely informal and the guest list is limited to only a few friends of the host and hostess.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends is the announcement made by Dr. and Mrs. George F. Bovard of 801 West Thirty-fourth street, of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gladys Bovard, to Mr. Charles Warren Swiggert. The secret of the betrothal was divulged Saturday last at a daintily-appointed luncheon given by Miss Edna Bovard, sister of the



Miss Lorraine Wyman

bride-elect. Enchantress carnations, violets and foliage were used in the table decorations, being arranged as corsage bouquets to form an artistic center piece, with broad violet satin ribbons extending to each place. Miss Bovard and her fiancé have chosen April 23 as the date for the marriage. The wedding will take place in the University Methodist church, the bride-elect's father officiating. Miss Edna Bovard will be maid of honor and the bridesmaids will include Misses Gertrude Bradley, Ada Parrish, Queen Masters and Elsie Thorne. Mr. Homer C. Humes will serve Mr. Swiggert at best man and the ushers will be Messrs. Wilson Gibbs, Hickocks, Brace and Albert Mucks, fraternity brothers of the groom-to-be.

In honor of Mrs. George Stegmeier and her charming daughter, Miss Kathleen Stegmeier of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve of Westlake av-

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enue, a number of delightful and informal entertainments are being given. A week-end party was entertained by Mrs. Joseph Maier and her son, Mr. Edward Maier, at their ranch home, "La Delicias," the guests motoring to and from the picturesque place. Another affair in compliment to Mrs. Stegmeier was a luncheon and bridge party given Monday by Mrs. Frank D. Owen at her home on Rockwood avenue. The luncheon plan was Spanish, not only the dishes being typical but the decorations in red, green and yellow, carried out the La Fiesta color scheme. Places were arranged for twenty. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Segundo Guasti of West Adams street were host and hostess at a dinner party at which Mrs. Stegmeier was guest of honor. Places at the table were set for twenty-four.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Marvin R. King of Ocean Park of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Garfield King to Mr. William J. Dawley of Cleveland, Ohio. The marriage will take place in the late spring. Miss King is one of the popular members of the younger set of the beach city and has many

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friends here in Los Angeles who will be interested in her engagement. Mr. Dawley is a prominent young attorney of the Ohio city.

One of the most enjoyable dancing parties of the week was that given by the Field Senate, Los Angeles chapter, of the Delta Theta Phi law fraternity at the Sierra Madre Club. The hosts and chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. George C. Watson. Among those present, were Mr. Roland S. Haskell, president and dean of Field Senate, Mr. Ralph K. Blakeslee, Miss Marjorie Davenport, Miss Gladys Strutzel, Miss Margaret Snowden, Mr. Clayton Holloway, Miss Marjorie Schoenan, Miss Hazel A. Porter, Miss Vera Hensahw, Mr. Bruce W. Porter, Mr. Edmund R. Collins, Miss Genevieve Graham, Mr. Bernard L. Donaghue, Miss Berenice Franz, Mr. Victor Baldwin, Mr. Gerald Doyle, Mr. J. E. Pawson, Mr. Benson L. Smith, Miss Mildred E. Tousely, Miss Mae Casey, Mr. Paul Gaines, Mr. Fred Watkins, Mr. Henry R. Holsinger, Miss Marjorie Cole, Mr. Herbert Freston, Miss Gretchen Gallinger, Mr. W. H. Schoenan, Jr., Miss Dorothy Schoenan, Mr. Gerald Graham, Mr. N. Orville Brookins, Miss Ruby Rees, Miss G. Y. Duffet, Mr. Owen C. Emery.

In compliment to Miss Margaret Daniell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniell of Hollywood, a prettily appointed dinner dance was given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Doran of Harvard boulevard. Clusters of red roses, carnations and ferns were used in the decorations. The guests included the following members of the younger set: Misses Dorothy Lindley, Clara Baker, Louise Hunt, Helen Hoover, Virginia Walsh, Dorothy Wentworth, Mary Scott, Dorothy Williams, Florence Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Visscher, Mr. and Mrs. Daniell, Messrs. Arden Day, Wilbur Shepard, Van Rensselaer, Claire Woolwine, Frank Simpson, Jr., Arthur Bobrick, Graham Hunter, Harry Knapp, Perry Wood, George Reed, Howard Shepard, Harrell Harrell, L. Mac Blankenhorn, Walter Davis, Herbert Lily and John McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sherwood Wise and little daughter, Catherine, of the Bryson apartments, have returned from a short visit to San Diego and Coronado. En route homeward, they stopped at the Glenwood Inn, Riverside.

Mrs. Robert Casamajor of South Pasadena has as her guest, Miss Marion Craig of Johannesburg, South Africa. Miss Craig, formerly a popular society girl of Pasadena, is making a stay of indefinite length in Southern California, and is being cordially greeted by a host of old-time friends.

Mrs. L. W. Cook of Boston is the house guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Pierce of 521 South St. Andrews place.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller Chanslor and young son have gone to San Francisco where they plan to pass six months or a year. The Chanslors have been active in Los Angeles society affairs and their absence will be regretted.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. Rollins, who have been making their home at the Paulson, Westchester place, have now moved into their country home at San Gabriel.

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner were host and hostess Saturday evening at a small dinner party at the Midwick club, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, who returned a few weeks ago from New York. Spring flowers were used in the decorations and places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Dunn, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr.

James Calhoun Drake, Mr. Alfred Wilcox and Mr. Allan Balch. Mrs. Balch, by the way, has been enjoying a short visit to San Francisco with friends.

Former Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage have as guests at their ranch near Downey, their daughter, Mrs. Elbridge Rand and her little daughter, Francisco, who have returned from Europe and will remain here several months.

Dr. and Mrs. James H. Edmonds of the Bryson, with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Edmonds, returned the first of the week from a pleasant trip which included a house party at the Chinc ranch, participation in the orange festival in San Bernardino and a motoring party homeward.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sharpe of Wilshire boulevard have as their guests for a fortnight, Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. John C. Fennell of Kansas. A number of delightful affairs are planned in compliment to the visitors. This week Mrs. Sharpe entertained with two afternoons at bridge for Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Fennell. Thursday a buffet luncheon was given in connection with the bridge and yesterday a daintily appointed tea was enjoyed. Next Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe will give a merry dinner-dance for their guests. This afternoon Mrs. O. W. Childs gives an informal bridge party and tomorrow evening Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard of Crescent Drive will be host and hostess at a supper party for the visitors. Other affairs already planned for them are a bridge party Monday afternoon at which Mrs. Jack Foster will be hostess, and an affair Tuesday with which Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas will entertain.

Mrs. John B. Bannister of the Hartford apartments entertained Thursday evening with an artistically appointed dinner. Places were set for twenty-four and following the dinner, dancing was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place entertained Monday evening with a theater party at the Majestic, where Miss Alice Baxter, an old-time friend of Mrs. Wilson, is starring in "Everywoman." Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's guests included Mr. and Mrs. John T. Fitzgerald. Miss Baxter, who comes of a well known Southern family, is the granddaughter of Governor Pettit of Tennessee, the daughter of Judge George W. Baxter of Hot Springs, Ark., and a sister of Mr. George Baxter, well known in newspaper work both in the east and in Europe. While playing here Miss Baxter will be the guest of honor of one or two informal little affairs, Mrs. Wilson planning to be hostess at a luncheon given in her honor, if it can be arranged.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. B. W. McCausland of Kingsley Drive and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. D. McCausland of Ocean Park for two bridge luncheons for Thursday and Friday of next week. Fifty guests have been asked to each of the affairs, which will be in honor of Mrs. Mabella Fraser of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. E. G. Rust and Mrs. J. J. Rupp, both of Saginaw, Mich. Mrs. Fraser plans to remain in Los Angeles about three months. Assisting at the two luncheons will be Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mrs. H. K. Williamson, Mrs. D. C. Barber, Mrs. James Moore, Mrs. Loren Crenshaw, Mrs. Sidney Dixon, Mrs. Bartlett Ross and Mrs. E. E. McIntyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ainsworth of Portland, who have been the house guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of West Adams street, were the guests of honor Monday evening at a handsomely appointed

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ed dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street. An effective arrangement of spring flowers, hyacinths, jonquils and violets, with foliage, formed the table and house decorations. Places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nivens, Mrs. George Wilshire, Jr., of Pasadena; and Mr. Lewis Miller.

Mrs. C. Q. Stanton will entertain with a dinner party at her home, 448 Andrews boulevard, March 12, the affair being planned in compliment to Mrs. Peyton, of Virginia, mother of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Forest Stanton.

Spreading Los Angeles' Fame

Four of the most attractive folders ever issued for the purpose of advertising Los Angeles, have just been published by the Salt Lake Route for distribution east of the Rockies. One is a comprehensive series of scenes of California landscape and buildings, including parts of the two expositions and other unique views, with Los Angeles as the constantly recurring center of interest. Another comprises a collection of pictures and descriptions of the many fine hotels of the southwest, and a panorama of Los Angeles taken from the top of the Angels Flight. Another deals with Los Angeles as a convention city, and its advantages to bodies seeking a place for their gatherings, and the fourth deals in a compact way with the many features of this city's life and business progress. They are all handsomely printed, and reflect great credit upon General Passenger Agent T. C. Peck, from whose department they emanated.

Letters of John Muir, who died last month, will be published in book form this spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Muir is said to have left manuscript material for an important book on Alaska, practically completed.

Walter E. Weyl, author of "The New Democracy," has gone to Europe to study internal conditions in England and Germany, concerning which his observations will be published later in The New Republic, of which he is one of the editors.

Mrs. Florence Hull Winterburn, author of "The Mother in Education," a publication of the present season, and of other books, has left New York for Louisville, where she will make her home and continue her literary work.



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Music

By W. Francis Gates

FORTUNATE, indeed, is Charles Wakefield Cadman in his interpreter of his Indian songs. No American composer has greater vogue than he, of late years, and thousands sing or attempt to sing his harmonized songs of the various Indian tribes. But it is doubtful if any one of them is able to give so sympathetic an interpretation as is Tsianina Redfeather, who was the co-artist with Mr. Cadman on the program of last Saturday afternoon at Trinity. This affair was apart from the beaten paths of song or instrumental recitals in that it was both, and in that there was a talk on Indian music by Mr. Cadman, illustrated by Indian instruments. The program opened with a Cadman trio, played by the composer at the piano, Oscar Seiling, violin and Axel Simonson, violoncellist. This is a work which needs no excuse. It is virile and pleasing and does not let its learning intrude to the obfuscation of its enjoyable themes. Especially is the 'cello well treated by the young composer. With this semi-classic opening the program passed to the discussion of the noble Red Man. Twelve or fifteen of Mr. Cadman's arrangements of tribal melodies were sung by the Indian maiden—and she was a delightful surprise to her good-sized audience. With a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, well handled, she sang the songs of her people with a dramatic feeling and an expressiveness of face and body and clearness of enunciation that might be copied by many an older and more celebrated singer. She seemed to live her songs as well as sing them. They were given as spontaneously and expressively as though she were on the plains or in the forest; in the tepee or on the river. And her audience was quick to respond to the humanity of it all and was loth to let her go, nor did it do so until the usual "civilized" rounds of applause and recalls had been given and responded to. But with all this it must not be thought that Mr. Cadman was simply "among those present" as his piano accompaniments are works of art and his playing of these is fully up to the artistic standard. Whatever may be said as to the incongruity of Wagnerian harmonization of Zuni and Ojibway and Omaha and Chippewa, it must be admitted that the result is beautiful. And what more would you of art?

Los Angeles again has welcomed into her firmament of musical stars another, one well known in the east, but visiting us for the first time this week—Alma Gluck, the wife of Zimbalist the violinist. At Trinity, last Tuesday night, she gave the reason she is heralded as the successor of Sembrich. This fair singer has the three essentials of vocal art in abundance—the voice, the technique and the temperamental judgment. For temperament without judgment is likely to work havoc with the sanity of interpretation. When it is said that Mme. Gluck bids fair to become a fit successor for Sembrich, that tells the story as to her mastery of the art of bel canto. In the last century the ideal of Italian art was floridity of vocalization, combined with purity of tone; of German singing, the ideal was dramatic intensity. The singer who had the one in abundance seldom had the other. But the present day requirements are more severe in that they demand both of these as essentials for the first places in the vocal

ranks. And it must be said that the present artist goes quite a way toward meeting this demand. Part of her program was planned to feature tone quality, and but little in the way of colorature; and certain numbers allowed scope for nice sentiment based on the purity of style that is so frequently labeled "Italian" because Italy was its origin and for centuries its abiding place. But no longer does Italy hold the patent. The program opened with a group of old English songs, then one of German lieder, a Russian group and a modern American. After singing one of Charles Wakefield Cadman's songs, the artist motioned to Mr. Cadman, who was in



MOLLY BYERLY WILSON, ORATORIO SOCIETY SOLOIST

one of the rear boxes, to rise and take his share of the applause, and the "Land of Skyblue Water" had to be repeated. At the close, the audience demanded several reappearances and added numbers. And speaking of encore numbers, after the Brahms, a ballad, "A Little Gray Home in the West" was rather incongruous, but it received as much applause as the Brahms composition. This afternoon Zimbalist and Gluck give a joint recital at Trinity which, doubtless, will attract a capacity audience.

There is a good deal of interest nowadays in American music. Nearly every program includes works of American composers and there are many more works used in the music studies that had their birth on this continent than was formerly the case. This is not alone because the American composer is a more numerous individual but because the musicians themselves are gradually getting over the attack of Europitis. While America still, and possibly always, must go to Europe for its Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Tchaikowsky et. al., when it comes to the second and third

line of writers there is no reason why Americans should not be heard. And so the American is coming into his own. The Brahms quintet club went further than usual in its concert last week, in that it made its whole program from works of American writers; nay it went beyond, for all the instruments were of American make. But the quintet itself, if it does not bear the stamp "Made in Germany," at least was "made in Europe," but it is becoming good American as time goes on, and soon all the names—Seiling, Rovinsky, Kopp, Simonsen and Grunn—will be good American names. The program included but two ensemble works, a quintet by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and one by Edgar Stilman Kelley—Boston and San Francisco met. These works were played on instruments made in the Blanchard building, where the recital was given, made by Fritz Pulpanek—another American name in the making. Of course, the piano was American. And as to Blanchard—why, right from the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. All the concert needed was an American flag and a noiseless fire-cracker. The quartet of stringed instruments

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her own selection. These will include operatic arias, German lieder, and songs in Italian and English. Miss Wilson is a contralto of the first rank, whose beautiful voice and consummate art deeply impressed critics and connoisseurs who attended her recent private recital at the Ebell Club, and those who have heard her in a number of other artistic engagements since that date. Her forthcoming appearance in connection with the Oratorio Society is therefore eagerly anticipated by a wide circle of music lovers. The other soloists are Mrs. Grace Wood Jess, mezzo-soprano, and Miss Louise Sexton, soprano. Mrs. Jess is also a recent addition to the musical artist body of Los Angeles. She was heard in recital last Sunday afternoon at Trinity Auditorium, in connection with the organ concert of Charles H. Demorest, where she pleased a large audience. Miss Sexton has been selected for the "top" soprano part on account of her powerful and rich upper range. Mendelssohn's "Athalia," while not as well known as his "Elijah" and "St. Paul," nevertheless is a beautiful example of this form of composition, and is a favorite with many of the large choral organizations.

Sierra Madre Club Whist

Sierra Madre Club formally entertained at cards last Saturday evening with an auction bridge whist tournament. There were 20 tables. Handsome prizes were awarded. Many entertained private dinner parties early in the evening and light refreshments were served during the playing. The affair was so keenly enjoyed that the plan is to hold a tournament each month with a grand prix event, so to speak, in December, at which the winners of the monthly contests will strive for an annual trophy.

Mendelssohn's oratorio "Athalia" is to be the next presentation of the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, Wednesday evening, March 17, at Trinity Auditorium, under the direction of Frederick Brueschweiler, with a chorus of 150 voices. Molly Byerly Wilson, dramatic contralto, will be the principal soloist. Miss Wilson has also been engaged by the Oratorio Society to present the first half of the evening's program in recital numbers of



Week of March 7 to 13

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 Japanese Prints—Nathan Bentz Co., 213 West Fourth street.
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 Sixteenth Century Stained glass windows—Ye Old Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth street.
 Winsor & Newton oil and water colors—Duncan Vail & Co., 730-732 South Hill street.
 Textiles and prints—State Normal School Art Gallery, Vermont and Monroe.
 Italian reproductions of old masters—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado street, Pasadena.
 Gerald Cassidy and William Swift Daniell—Indian character studies and landscapes—The Gift Shop, East Colorado street, Pasadena.

By Beatrix de Lack Krombach

AS promised, Madame Murat of O'Hara & Livermore's has discussed the ideal interior decorations for Southern California. Here is what she says: "The natural bent of the human mind, left untrained by the conventional, has a tendency to reflect its surroundings. Here in Southern California we should duplicate, in a modified form, within the home, the colors out of doors, and not yield to the prevalent impulse of confining interior decorations to dull tones. These admittedly are restful, but are too sombre by contrast with our brilliant colors. The essential things to be considered are the wood-work; the hangings and the furniture. In wood finishes, weathered and fumed oak deserve to be honorably retired, and the more delicate tones, such as old ivories and grays introduced. A welcome change in hangings from the heavy velours are the hand-blocked linens and taffetas oftentimes resembling printed velvets in their richness of coloring, without suggesting the heaviness of these textures. In eliminating some of the heavy overstuffed furniture, one is not compelled to sacrifice comfort. There are many beautiful cane and mahogany pieces possessing all their comforts, yet presenting a lighter appearance. The revival of the old-fashioned horse-hair in the new dress mohair, produced in a multiplicity of colors, affords a happy escape from tapestry. These make suitable coverings for dining room furniture."

* * *

F. Hopkinson Smith's water colors are attracting unusual attention at the Raymond Gould shop on West Fifth street. It is a justified interest, for these old world transcripts interpret choice bits of local color and tell again the story of the places so often pictured by the romanticist in art expression. In the medium of water-color there are few exponents who excel Mr. Smith for quality of technique. He does not treat his pigments with the modern application of the advanced in the cult of art, but his motive and method have much of the spontaneity associated with the more virile interpretations of the modern colorists. He employs the opaque gouache, a favorite medium of the painters of the eighteenth century, as

a body color, and on this builds in water-color, pastel and other mediums, crafty lines which result in telling effects.

These colorful scenes give genuine joy to the beholder. They aerate the qualities which make for "liveableness," and this is an essential asset in the judging of a picture's value. Mr. Smith gathers no new laurels as he wends his way, for from the first day of production his craftsmanship has been evident. We expect much of him, truly not a Rodinesque exhibition of the unusual, but a finer and better rendering of things than that of an ordinary painter—and he never fails us. Witness the quality in our illustration, "A Canal in Venice." Here have we a tender interpretation, vivid in color, yet betraying the elusive subtlety of atmosphere with a virility not always prevalent in water-color expressions.

In the tout ensemble "The Fish Market" seems to be the most liked. One senses the fine quality—then feels the quiver and life of the locality. There is color harmony of great value in this picture, though the contrasts are definite. Soft, delicate pinks are



"CANAL IN VENICE" BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

posed in juxtaposition with dull greens and drabs, yet there is an admirable simplification of these tones only. "A Hazy Morning" is a large expanse of open sea. We are looking toward Lido. The sublimity of a Turner is in this setting—the enchantment of distance—the pretty masts a-span the lolling boats—the breathlessness of the stream. How well Mr. Smith understands the interpretation of the fantasy of Venice! When one comes upon "The Golden Hour" with its fine lines of drawing and modeling, and its tones in a low key of tenderness, one expects that Elaine will soon appear and enter the waiting gondola to glide down the stream. The gates of a Venetian garden are a charming setting for this composition. The fascination of the place cannot be overlooked by even the most casual observer.

* * *

Out at Exposition Park there has been a general rehanging, and the result is interesting. The Bellows pictures are on their way east and in their place familiar canvases, with the addition of several new ones, are to be seen. The Innes collection opened

yesterday and will be reviewed at length next week. There are said to be many of prominence among them, one being valued at \$35,000. Mr. Ainslee of Boston, the collector of the group, is here in personal attendance for several days.

* * *

That lovely "The Druid Oak" by Charles Melville Dewey has been rehanging. It makes one think of gnomes and fairies—and the dancing mists of mystery and enchantment. Henry O. Tanner's "The Good Shepherd" is its close neighbor, and Frederick Waugh's superior marine hangs not far away. Of the new ones Detleff Sammann's "Forest and Dunes" is locally interesting. The light and emotion of his landscapes are always vital. He paints in touches of pure broken color that make for sparkling vibration. William Henry Drake of New York, through the kindness of his brother, affords us the opportunity for viewing two of his animal pictures, "On Guard" and "The Monarch of the Hill." Mr. Drake's canvases are famous and both are splendid examples of his work.

* * *

Everett Carroll Maxwell, the curator of the gallery, has gone north for two weeks, and is planning to bring back the details for many important exhibitions. Most significant will be the thirty or forty canvases from contemporary foreign artists, which will come direct from Vickery's in San Francisco. This group will consist of about ten each of the modern French, German and Spanish school. Arrangements may also be made for a showing during May of

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(Continued on Page 15.)

Books

WITH mingled feelings of disappointment and gratification will those who have read the sprightly writings of Willard Huntington Wright peruse his new book, "What Nietzsche Taught." No matter how violently one may disagree with



Queen of Bulgaria

Wright, no person yet has been heard to accuse him of being dull. So when his book was announced as forthcoming, it was keenly anticipated as probably combining the forceful egoism of Nietzsche with the sardonic and satirical qualities of Wright. Consequently, there is a certain regret experienced that nowhere in the book does the interpreter permit himself to give rein to those entertaining qualities that made his "Los Angeles the Chemically Pure," and his writings in the Smart Set a mental, if not a spiritual joy. It is clear, therefore, that in writing this book, Mr. Wright was, if not for the first time in his life, at least for the longest duration, entirely serious and purposeful. He wants Nietzsche to be taken seriously, to be understood beyond all the mass of superstition and misinterpretation that have surrounded the prophet of the superman.

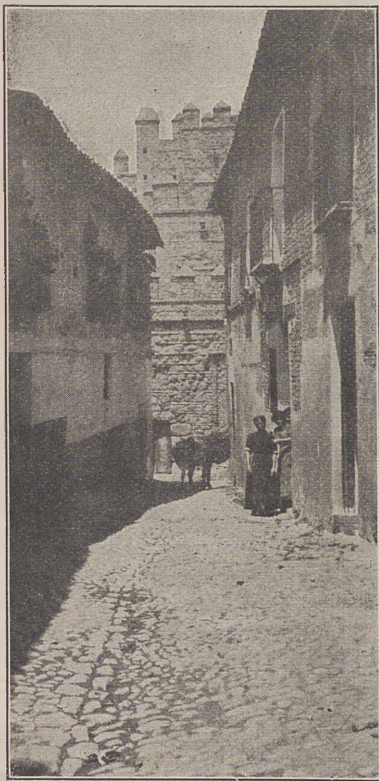
In furtherance of this purpose, Mr. Wright has gone about his task with a systematic deliberation that bespeaks the student, rather than the critic. It is not easy for the casual reader to gain any concise impression of what Nietzsche was driving at, from a reading of the original works themselves. This strange philosopher was seldom given to sustained utterance. "Staccato" Mr. Wright calls his books, and that expresses his method precisely. He had a clear idea of what the world meant to him, but never sat down, as did Kant or Schopenhauer, to work out in detail, a system of principles of belief, in logical and sequential form. His thoughts came trooping along, not as an organized whole, but as isolated impressions of a whole which he did not endeavor to picture as a unity. So one may open almost any of his important books at practically any page, and read a paragraph or two at random, with as full appreciation of their content as if he had started at the beginning, and continued to the point reached. There is simply a general harmony of motive, but no attempt to synthesize.

Mr. Wright has, in "What Nietzsche Taught," provided this synthesis. He begins with a biographical sketch, and then takes up, in succession, "Human. All-Too-Human," "The Dawn of Day," and so on, to the two volumes

of "The Will to Power." Each book is introduced with a few pages of general analysis, showing the place it occupies in the Nietzschean philosophy, and then copious extracts are given. This method, which would be impossible with almost any other writer in the world, is peculiarly effective with Nietzsche, for the reasons noted—the spasmodic and disjointed construction. In fact, it would appear that for the person who has no previous knowledge of Nietzsche, this is the first work ever written wherein a comprehensive and authoritative conception of his philosophy can be gained, and it is admittedly for the beginner that Mr. Wright has written. Henry L. Mencken, himself an authority on Nietzsche, and author of two volumes concerning his work, says this is "an elaborate and invaluable summary of all Nietzsche's writings, book by book, the fruit of very diligent labor, admirably concise and well ordered." Praise from Sir Hubert! ("What Nietzsche Taught"; by Willard Huntington Wright. B. W. Huebsch.)

Three Travel Books and Another

One of the most noticeable results of the great increase in the prevalence of amateur photography is the corresponding increase in the number of books of travel. "People Want Pictures" was the title of a recent maga-



Scene From "Spell of Spain"

zine story, and it seems to be true. But the remarkable thing is how vicious the average taste in the matter of pictures is becoming. We see such bad reproductions in the newspapers, that when we find halftones of even fairly distinguishable outlines in a book or magazine, we exclaim aloud in admiration. Four books have been published recently, dealing with various parts of the globe, and containing nearly two hundred and sixty illustrations, mostly direct from photographs of scenes and paintings, and others from colored pictures made purposely to illustrate the volumes in

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which they appear. Taken from the text and displayed by themselves, not one-tenth—perhaps one-twentieth—of the pictures in these books would be worth looking at, would suggest anything to the person looking at them. They are, for the most part, neither handsome nor illustrative, and the only reason they get into print, as suggested, is that we get such a mass of still worse pictures that these are tolerable by contrast.

As for the books—let the best come first. It becomes a rather monotonous thing, praising the works of E. V. Lucas. Here is his third volume in the last few months—"A Wanderer in Venice," the latest of his Wanderer series. Of the other two, one was his compilation, "Lucas' Annual," later reissued as Macmillan's Annual, and the other his "Landmarks." His impressions of Venice are those of a man who has the capacity for appre-

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ciation and the ability to express either in his own words or by quotations which seem to pour from him like water from the rock that Moses smote. But Mr. Lucas should not

lead us to become so enchanted with Venice, and than disillusionize us with the extremely bad illustrations, and as for the sixteen color plates by Harry Morley—chromos. If you want really to enjoy this book, tear out all the pictures,—with your eyes shut preferably, for you can tell which they are by the smoothness of the paper. Aside from this, Mr. Lucas has given to the world one of the most charming books about this wonderful city yet written, which is saying much.

"Bulgaria and Her People" may contain material which is not in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but not in such readable and breezy style. It gives, without the analytical completeness of authoritative history or the cheerfulness of the gossip sorts of literature, the history of Bulgaria and its people from earliest times, together with a compilation of material which might have been furnished by the 700,000 Boosters' Club of Sofia. Greeks are demons, Bulgars are saints, we learn. To be a Bulgarian is to be always right. The book is by Will S. Monroe. We pass on. "The Spell of Spain" is by Keith Clark, who, like Adam, seems to be trying all the time to put the blame for his misdeeds upon a woman. The spell of which he writes appears to be something which forces all persons concerned to spout poetry on all occasions—not new poetry, but Omar, Longfellow, and other familiar fireside classics. His idea seems to be that he is injecting information into his readers painlessly, for after the first person writer and his fair companion exchange flippancies a few minutes, and trade quatrains, they turn the conversation into Baedeker channels. Where would the travel books be if it were not for this old master?

Last of the four books is "The Spell of Japan" by Isabel Anderson. This is not quite so dull as the Bulgarian book, nor so sophomoric as the one concerning Spain, and its pictures are frequently quite suggestive. The picture of Fuji, indeed, is one of the most interesting of this spectacular mountain, ever put into a book. In fact, were it not that as recently noted Hamilton Wright Mabie has lately published such an infinitely superior work on Japan, with so much better pictures, this is a book one might rightly praise. ("A Wanderer in Venice," by E. V. Lucas; The Macmillan Co. "Bulgaria and Her People," by Will S. Monroe; "The Spell of Spain," by Keith Clark; "The Spell of Japan," by Isabel Anderson; all profusely illustrated. L. C. Page Co.)

Important New Novel

Ernest Poole, known to magazine readers throughout the country for his vigorous articles on current topics, has written a novel. It is entitled "The Harbor" and since its publication in early February, it has been much discussed. Writers and critics of distinction have acclaimed it the best piece of work added to American fiction in many a long day. The appearances are that it is not only going to be the book of this year but of many. "The Harbor" is a story of New York, not alone of its fashionable society nor of its slums, but rather a picture of these and other fundamental aspects as a part of the great whole. While the scene is, to be sure, New York, the work is essentially American in theme. The ideas which it brings forward, the people whom it introduces and the incidents in which they figure are typical not merely of one locality but of the great underlying forces in American life. Specifically "The Harbor" has to do with the career of "Billy," a young man of pleasing parts who is ambitious for honors in the literary field. How through his study of humanity as it ebbs and flows in the great harbor he comes, only after close relationship with all classes, at last to see the inner meaning of things, is told by Mr. Poole with the skill of a prac-

tical author. Not only does "Billy" achieve the success which he desires but in the process his character broadens, he comes into a larger vision of the significance of man's life and struggles, conquests and failures. The story interest of "The Harbor" is unusual and its consideration of problems of the hour, sober, keen, suggestive.

In March Magazines

Col. George W. Goethals' own story of the Panama Canal begins in the March Scribner's. It is told in just the way a man of the Goethals type would be expected to tell a story—simply and with an interest simply in the facts. One can imagine the colonel being bored to extinction by most of the verse, no matter how excellent, being written concerning his work, even though he may be an admirer of good poetry in general. When this story is completed it will be a record of the utmost importance, as it comes from the only man who has seen everything, and been in touch with everything concerning the mammoth undertaking, under three Presidents as widely different in temperament and ideals as three men could well be. War is the topic of five of the other articles and poems, while good fiction fills the interstices. A poem by Arthur Davison Ficke, "Immortals in Exile," confirms former opinions of the genius of this clear-voiced American singer.

"Beat the spirit-stirring harp like anything!" Here is a magazine without any article, poem, story or picture concerning the war. It is the March Harper's. In nearly thirty titles which appear in the table of contents there is not one that suggests war excepting a short poem about the red cross nurse, and it is not geographical nor specific. This is a unique achievement, and provides surcease for those whose eyes are weary from constant reading of headlines.

Notes from Bookland

W. L. George says that his new novel, "The Second Blooming," which has reached a third printing in both this country and England, is bringing him many letters from married women, who declare that the book tallies with their experiences and observations.

T. Everett Harre, whose first novel, "The Eternal Maiden," attracted attention two years ago, is passing the winter in New York. A little later will be published his new book, "Behold the Woman," which, although it is located in Alexandria fifteen centuries ago, is said to be an interpretation of the emancipation of women.

Publishers are sending out long lists of fiction that will be due before the winter ends. For March the George H. Doran Company promises new novels by Arthur Conan Doyle and Will Levington Comfort. The former, which is called "The Valley of Fear," is a Sherlock Holmes story. Mr. Comfort's story, "Red Fleece," deals with the experiences of a young American who goes as war correspondent.

John Graham Brooks, author of "American Syndicalism," "As Others See Us," and other books, declares that if the 134,000 co-operative societies that were in operation in Europe before the war were doubled in twenty years, war would become an impossibility.

Dorans soon will publish novels by E. F. Benson, Frank Harris and H. C. Bailey. The author of "Dodo" and "Dodo's Daughter" has written a love story called "Arundel," in which figure a nice young man not thoroughly acquainted with himself, and two young women, one of them lately returned from India. Frank Harris' "The Veils of Isis, and Other Stories," is a collection of short stories having unusual backgrounds. "The Gentleman Ad-

venturer" is the title of H. C. Bailey's story of piracy, adventure, and love on the Spanish Main.

"Brunel's Tower," a new story by Eden Phillpotts, will be published this month by Macmillan Company. Most of its scenes are laid in a pottery and its theme is the regeneration of a faulty character through association with honest work and sincere people.

Richard Dehan—Miss Clothilde Graves—who has been dangerously ill, has recovered sufficiently to complete her novel, "The Man of Iron," of which Bismarck is the chief character.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's "The Lure of the Land," a practical book for all who think they would like to live in the country, will be ready for publication by the Century Company in about two weeks.

Henry Arthur Jones, who will return to New York after passing several weeks in Bermuda, is said by his friends to be considering the question of remaining permanently in America.

Carolyn S. Bailey, whose "Montessori Children" is a spring publication, has for years been the editor of the child training department of the Delineator.

ART AND ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 13.)

of value in modelling and drawing show excellent fundamental knowledge. During March the prints will be shown, and for April, Helen Clark Chandler will hang many of her water-colors, monotypes and possibly also a few oils.

* * *

Announcement letters of plans for an organization to be an affiliation of the California Art Club are being circulated. They set forth the desire of the club to stand sponsor for "The Friends of American Art," who are to be the trustees for the purchase of art objects to be housed in our own art gallery when built. They appeal for the sum of \$500, which may be paid in instalments of one hundred dollars annually. Mr. William Wendt, as president of the club, has sent out these letters. Another worthy object which holds the club's interest at the present time is the year book, which is to be an unusual volume. It will contain original sketches and drawings by members of the club. The edition is to be limited.

* * *

Miss Murdoch who has been showing her autochromes at the Bentz shop for the last month will deliver an interesting discourse Tuesday evening, March 9, at the Hotel Raymond in Pasadena, on "The Pleasure of Taking Autochromes Around the World."

* * *

The announced removal of the Gerald Cassidy and William Swift Daniell pictures from the Gift Shop in Pasadena last week was a mistake. They are to remain at the East Colorado street gallery, as plans for the Hotel Green exhibition did not carry.

* * *

Pageantry is a subject of vital interest to Los Angeles. It fits in well with our scheme of things, and one day we are to have a wonderful stadium, the largest in the American world, in which to show tableaux depicting our growth and history. Hamilton A. Wolf will discuss this subject at 2:30 p. m. today (Saturday) at the Devenish Art Club in the Title Guarantee Building, Fifth and Broadway.

* * *

Stained glass windows, relics from demolished castle walls in Holland and Germany, are to be seen at the Old Curiosity Shoppe on West Sixth street. They are not large but show fine luminous color and are pleasant in composition.

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Feb. 6, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Mattie Klipper, of El Venado, California, who on December 26, 1911, made homestead application No. 014479 for SE 1/4, SE 1/4, Sec. 23, SW 1/4, SW 1/4, Sec. 24, Tp. 1S, R. 18 W., and on March 5, 1913, made additional homestead entry No. 017945, for NW 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 25, NE 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 26, Tp. 1 S, R. 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a.m. on the 26th day of March, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
William Hull, John H. Taylor, James T. L. Harris, W. D. Newell, C. E. Mubbell, all of Elvenado, California.
NON-COAL.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

London Nation says of Wilfred Wilson Gibson, anent his latest volume of poetry, "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," that he has established his own manner and that that manner is the most distinctive in the English poetry of the day.

Stocks & Bonds

TO an extent the local stock market threw off this week its wonted atmosphere of inactivity. Spasmodic bursts of trading, such as were observed for several days recently, are a favorable sign, indicating a healthier undercurrent of sentiment. This change for the better might be ascribed to a number of causes, no one of which stands out individually prominent. The monetary situation in the country at large has assumed a much brighter aspect, as trade and industry have accommodated themselves to the new conditions brought about by the war. Locally, the tourist season, somewhat delayed, is now in full swing, and is bringing new money into Southern California. Crops have been very profitable. Liquidation, although it may not have fully run its course, has lost all vestiges of its former avalanche-like character. Bank clearings and other barometers are beginning to reveal a more substantial prosperity.

Chiefly active on the local market have been the low-priced issues. A few important trades have been made in those of high par value however. Several blocks of Associated have changed hands, the market being strong. Amalgamated is still very soft in tone, although no trade worth mentioning has been recorded. The Union Oil issues have about held their former position.

National Pacific Oil among the low-priced stocks has, as usual, been the active one. It advanced to above 3 cents and then receded. Midway Northern is steady at 12½ cents. United Oil has been selling at 23. A few trades in Consolidated Mines and California Hills mining issues have been reported. The former is stronger but neither reveals more than a nominal change. Some of the unlisted mining stocks like Grandma, Atlanta and Cash Bay have been dealt in a few times.

Aside from the oil and mining issues, only Los Angeles Investment has received any particular attention. The price made by this issue at one session—56 cents—was somewhat higher than usual. Subsequently there was a small reaction. Insignificant changes only have occurred in the bank stocks and bonds.

The Johnnie Mining and Milling company, whose stock is listed on the local exchange, is to be sold at auction by the receivers the latter part of this month. The price of the issue has declined practically to nothing.

Southern Pacific road's earnings have apparently turned the corner and more favorable statements should appear from now on, it is said. Not only has there been an improvement in general traffic conditions in its territory, but the Panama-Pacific exposition is counted on to give passenger earnings a good stimulus. Gross earnings in January showed a loss of \$1,135,000, as compared with January, 1914, the smallest decline since last September, and the shrinkage in net—only \$108,400—was less than in any previous month of the current fiscal year. For the seven months ended January 30, however, Southern Pacific's gross earnings were more than \$7,000,000 below those of the corresponding period of the previous, while

net showed a loss of more than \$3,200,000, or nearly 13 per cent.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Interest and dividend disbursements this month will amount to \$116,459,368, according to the Journal of Commerce. This compares with \$122,035,357 in March a year ago. Of the grand total dividends will contribute \$54,359,368, a decrease of \$10,195,989, owing to the fact that many corporations have either omitted or reduced payments to stockholders. Interest payments will approximate \$62,100,000, compared with \$57,500,000 in the corresponding month a year ago, the increase being due to new bond and note issues. The city of New York will disburse in the way of interest \$10,000,000. Besides, it will pay out \$5,000,000, representing revenue bonds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, February 26

WAR NEWS: English reinforcements and French successes cause Kaiser to call back from Poland part of the forces which were used to bring about the Russian disasters. Bombardment of Dardanelles forts in progress. South Africa Union forces invade German Southwest Africa.

GENERAL: Congress decides to build two battleships and twenty-one submarines. Carranza troops defeat Zapata. Leiter says farmers are the real grain speculators. India puts embargo on wheat exports to control price and prevent local suffering.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Southern California legislators line up solid for state highway to connect Los Angeles with Imperial Valley. Jury finds Jeweler Lomax guilty of murder in second degree for killing man in his store.

Saturday, February 27

WAR NEWS: Constantinople in panic and Sultan prepares to escape as fleets hammer pathway through Dardanelles. Allies decide upon a war of starvation of Germany and Austria. French cruiser seizes the Dacia, American vessel loaded with cotton for Germany.

GENERAL: Rock Island road condition declared good at interstate commerce commission hearing. Carranza troops meet with reverses in Yucatan. China is given strong support of American corporations in resisting demands of Japan.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Schmidt and Caplan, last of the indicted labor-union dynamite plot men, brought to Los Angeles for trial. Council bows three times to the great joss Jitney and meekly passes an auto-bus ordinance with suitable expressions of regret that it does not provide a gift of a house and lot for each driver.

Sunday, February 28

WAR NEWS: Slavs are reinforced in Poland, German advance checked and important positions recaptured for the Czar. Allies begin landing troops at the Dardanelles. England may nationalize liquor traf-

fic. Complications expected to follow British declaration of intention to stop all shipping to and from Germany and Austria.

GENERAL: Trade reports for month show enormous gains, with factories everywhere working overtime to supply European demands. Important discoveries of improved oil refining processes are reported through the secretary of the interior. Chinese extend boycott of Japanese to cover the entire world.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Remarkable confession of a long series of crimes is made by criminal captured here, including robbery of the Lark last September. Civic organizations discuss necessity for initiative and referendum ordinance to regulate jitney busses.

Monday, March 1

WAR NEWS: Notice of blockade of German and Austrian ports is served by allies. Allied fleets continue to make progress up the Dardanelles, but are delayed by storms.

GENERAL: Government revenues show surplus for February. Chicago grand opera company is bankrupt.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: McManigal, informer against the McNamaras, brought back to Los Angeles to testify against Schmidt and Caplan; local labor body said to have refused to contribute to fund for defence of accused dynamiters. Another extensive criminal operator arrested and confesses.

Tuesday, March 2

WAR NEWS: Russians making gains as important as were their losses of exactly a week ago in Poland, while Germany, apparently, is worried over conditions in west and is sending troops there. President Wilson insists that no nation has the right to change the rules of war, and he makes inquiries of allies as to manner in which proposed blockade is to be carried out.

GENERAL: Villa said to have shifted his scene of operations again and to have made up his mind to move against Tampico. Extensive anarchist plot thwarted by New York police, involving a great number of carefully planned bomb outrages.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Oscar A. Trippet is appointed United States judge for Southern California district. Whiffen endeavoring to locate his mind in order that he make it up, whether to run for mayor or try merely for another term as leader of the Whiffenpoofs.

Wednesday, March 3

WAR NEWS: Bombardment of Dardanelles continues, Turks drawing first blood by hitting British cruiser Zephyr, disabling vessel and killing many men. French claim they have won complete control of Argonne district. Russians again suffer reverses after series of successes in North Poland.

GENERAL: First ten days of San Francisco Fair bring receipts to million-dollar mark. Epidemic, hunger and outlawry prevalent in Mexico City. President is given extended powers by senate, for the purpose of protecting American neutrality when congress adjourns. Impeachment proceedings against Judge A. G. Dayton of West Virginia, are dropped by house judiciary committee.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Mayor Rose vetoes wishy-washy ordinance purporting to regulate jitneys, but not doing so. Mayoralty race narrows down to Sebastian, Criswell and Whiffen.

Josephine Preston Peabody's play, "The Piper," has gone through seven editions.

Viewpoint is Antiquated

Judging from the results at the polls last November, the two years which elapsed between the writing and the publication of John Curtis Underwood's "Literature and Insurgency" will prove fatal to the success of the book, the "progressive" attitude of the bulk of the American people having changed so materially in that period of time that the viewpoint of the author has already become archaic, his vehement attacks upon the "vested interests" antiquated, his mode of expression reminiscent of an era already passed. Had the volume appeared at a time when the people were as rampant in their progressivism as Mr. Underwood, success would be sure; now, with national committeemen of the Bull Moose reported climbing back into the Republican band wagon while there are yet a few seats to be had on that vehicle, his strictures against conditions are likely not so much to arouse "righteous indignation" as smiles of pity for an author so far behind the times.

All of which is said because the personality of the writer of critical essays is of vital importance to the proper comprehension of his product, and Bull Moosism stands out on every page of Mr. Underwood's book. It is Bull Moosism which makes him rank Frank Norris higher than Mark Twain, David Graham Phillips above Emerson. He likes insurgency and its concomitant muck-raking, worship of Colonel Roosevelt, attacks upon "big business" and all the remainder of "My" policies. Conversely, the author dislikes the New England conservative state of mind, those who read Henry James, Americans who prefer to live abroad, "machine made" politics, literature and minds.

Mr. Underwood has the advantage of the ordinary book-reviewer in that he has unlimited space at his disposal and so can work out an idea instead of merely hinting at it; but in examining the volume of nearly five hundred pages one is constantly harassed in his mind by the thought that dozens of writers of tabloid reviews, given equal space, might do much more sound, thoughtful, scholarly and interesting work. If Mr. Underwood had employed more phrases like "a contemporary literary malefactor of great circulation" the five hundred pages would be followed with more avidity. The book has at least one value—the author gives summaries of many novels, and by reading these one can become acquainted with a great deal of modern fiction without taking the trouble and time to read it. ("Literature and Insurgency," by James Curtis Underwood. Mitchell Kennerley.)

J. G. R.

Leonid Andreyev, whose plays have found many readers in this country, has written a new play called "King, Law, and Liberty," in which two of the characters are said to represent Maurice Maeterlinck and King Albert.

Constance Smedley, whose new novel of English social life, "On the Fighting Line," is a recent publication, contemplates coming to this country to make her home.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, February 18, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Andrew B. Humphrey, of Santa Monica, California, who, on July 5, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013518, for NE¼, SE¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. M., and on September 5, 1911, made additional homestead entry No. 013821, for NW¼, SE¼, N¼ SW¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m. on the 6th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Thew, C. L. Burrett, both of Cornell, California; Elmer M. Smashey, of 1013 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, California; C. L. Weise, of 2015 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, California.

JOHN D. ROCHE,

Non-Coal

Register.

SIX DAILY TRAINS

TO SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND, ALAMEDA AND
BERKELEY

COAST LINE

100 MILES ALONG THE OCEAN
SHORE.

7:25 A. M., The "Coaster"
Arrive San Francisco 10:55 P. M.
8:00 P. M., The "Lark."
Arrive San Francisco 9:45 A. M.
10:15 P. M., San Francisco Passenger
Arrive San Francisco 3:30 P. M.

VALLEY LINE

THROUGH THE "INLAND EM-
PIRE" OF CALIFORNIA

6:00 P. M., The "Owl"
Arrive San Francisco 8:59 A. M.
7:30 P. M., Number 49.
Arrive San Francisco 12:50 P. M.
10:00 P. M., Number 7
Arrive San Francisco 7:50 P. M.

California
Orange Day
March 20



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George A. J. Howard, Cashier.
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R. S. HEATON, Cashier.
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Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
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Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits,
\$20,000,000.

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I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring

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J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Spring

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000; Undivided Profits, 235,441.61.

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—“Onward! Ahead lies the Path of Progress.

—“Retrospect is not of the spirit of Inauguration Month—

—And Yet!

—“Were it not for Retrospect, what would there be of Prospect?

—“Were it not for yesterday—and yester-year and on and on and on—in Retrospect—what would there be tomorrow?

“Our Yesterdays

—“We enshrine you in our memory—we love you, we respect, we honor you—

—“Without you we could not have been—we thank you for what we are—

—“Today—will join you tomorrow—and carry you more appreciation with news of the great determination with which Bullock's faces the coming year—to make it worthy of you—a notable successor of notable predecessors with which

—“Forward!

—has ever been the word.”

of Bullock's 8th Inauguration Month

---the cornerstone of another year which Bullock's dedicates to service --- emphasizing again those principles which are boldly written, plain to understand, deeply sunk, ineradicable from the structure of this business.

---“To build a business that will never know completion, but that will advance continually to meet advancing conditions.

---“To develop stocks and service to a notable degree.

---“To create a personality that will be known for its strength and friendliness. To arrange and co-ordinate activities to the end of winning confidence by meriting it.

---“To strive always to secure the satisfaction of every customer.

---“This is the aim of Bullock's that is being impressed more and more indelibly as the the days go by upon the character of the business itself.”

